



*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

*John Milton*



*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

*John Milton*



97a3  
**WHARTONIANA:**

O R,  
MISCELLANIES,  
I N

*Verse and Prose.*

B Y T H E  
**WHARTON FAMILY,**  
A N D

*Several other Persons of Distinction.*

---

*Never before Published.*

---

VOLUME I.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR, 1727.

(Price 5 s.)

*Wharton Family of*



R



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yo  
I c  
De



T O

*Richard Towne, M.D.*

S I R,



O Expressions of Gratitude in my Power, can be equal to the late Instances of Friendship with which you have honoured me. And I only request of you, with that Deference which becomes me,  
A that

ii    *The Dedication.*

that as I acquainted you with the Contents of these Volumes while they were in the Press, you will now permit me to convey them into your elegant Library.

I cannot sit down, to inveigle the Public in the Style of the last Century, that *they would vouchsafe to cast a favourable Eye upon the following Pages, and by the benign Influence of their Humanity afford them a candid Perusal.* I should rather like *Manly* in the *Plain-Dealer*, tell them bluntly, that *they were obliged to the Hand that made them the Present.*

But because I would not on the other Side of the Question,  
be

## The Dedication. iii

be thought to act the Part of *Morose*, give me Leave, without a Pun, in the *mildest* Manner I am able, to exhibit to You the Particulars of my Bill of Lading.

*Imprimis*, These Papers do not take their Denomination from the Writings of a late perverted PEER, (tho' I one Day hope to possess that PIECE of his Grace's which you have promised me) but from an invaluable Manuscript, which I saw some Years ago in Lord WHARTON'S Library at *Winchendon*, and which I purchased t' other Day in *Albemarle* Street, when the Duke's Books were sold by Auction by an Upholsterer, who neither

A 2                      knew



iv      The *Dedication.*

knew what he *possessed*, nor  
the Worth of what he *sold*.

*Secondly*, Sir, I must inform  
you, that the Manuscript is in  
*French*, that it was written be-  
fore the *Revolution*, and that it  
it is wholly Addressed to Lady  
W H A R T O N.

The Gentleman who has  
made it speak elegant *English*,  
is Mr. *Morgan*, to whom the  
Public are greatly obliged for  
rescuing from the *Moors* of  
*Africa*, that very curious Ma-  
nuscript, which he has transla-  
ted under the Title of MAHO-  
METISM *Displayed*.

You



## The *Dedication.* v

You are likewise, Sir, intreated to take Notice, that all the Passages you find braced in by double Commas are Poetry in the Original.

But *French* Rhime, as my Lord *Halifax* used to say, being so like a Wheel-Barrow rumbling over a new Pavement, I was humbly of Opinion, that rather than introduce so disagreeable a Sound to harmonious Ears, especially such nice Organs as your own, they had much better be naturalized in easy Prose.

Every

## vi The *Dedication*.

Every other Piece in these Volumes I must submit to *publick Censure*, but yours only shall I esteem. And as for those Gentry stiled *Populum Vulgus*, I frankly conclude in my Lord *Rochester's* Words, with some small Variation,

*I've no Ambition on their idle  
Score,*

*But say with a fair Female  
heretofore,*

*I please*

The *Dedication.*      vii

*I please one Man of Wit, am  
proud on't too,*

*Let all the Coxcombs give their  
Vote for you.*

*I am, Sir,*

*Your most faithful,*

*most obedient, - and*

*most obliged*

Strand, Sep. 9  
1726.

*humble Servant,*

E. CURLL.

Just published, Dedicated to the Bishop  
of OXFORD.

**B**ISHOP PARKER's Legendary History of *His own Time*. Faithfully translated from the *Latin* Original. With proper Remarks throughout, and the whole collated by Bishop Burnet, Bevil Higgons, and other Historians who have wrote of that Period. By EDMUND CURLL, late Bookseller.

N. B. Mr. Newlin's Version of this History, is for the Generality, jejune, puerile, low, and bald: The Errors in Chronology are very gross: Many are the Omissions and Interpolations throughout the whole Work, by which the Sense of the Author is perverted, and the Reader greatly imposed on. Certainly the *Vicar of Beeding* could not be the sole Translator, but must have had some bungling *Coadjutor*! If so, it would have been prudent in him to have examined the whole, rather than have given the World such a *motly Piece*. It is a mean Performance; and, if done by one Hand, the Operator must acknowledge either his Ignorance, Supineness, or Neglect—*utrum horum*, &c. For to particularize the Incoherencies, Deficiencies, Tautologies, Mistakes and Blunders which occur almost in every Page, would be to transcribe the whole Book. Therefore, as Dr. Bentley said upon a certain Occasion

TANTUM.



T H E

# Bridge of *L I F E*.



UNHAPPY State of *All* Things  
here below,  
For Moments Joys o'erspread with  
Years of Woe.

Short is the Time that *Life* is to endure,  
For that short Time, uncertain, unsecure.  
The gayest, best compacted Piece of Earth,  
A fair Delusion, and an ill-starr'd Birth.  
Propitious Winds with the bewitching Gales  
Blow on the Poop, and fill the Canvas Sails :  
The kindly Sun ingenders high Desires,  
Young Hopes, brisk Joys, ambitious raging Fires.  
Nor long the gloomy Ruin lags behind,  
Low'ring the Sky, tempestuous grows the  
Wind.

And split on Rocks, or by the Surges tost,  
The *pompous Vision* to the Sight is lost.

BUT grant our *Day of Life* should see no  
*Night*,

But ev'ry Hour be mark'd with *Streaks of White*;

VOL. III.

B

What



2      **The Bridge of LIFE.**

What can a *seventy Years Duration* give,  
 To bribe a prudent Man's Consent to live?  
 Not so our Father's Life, a Gyant Span,  
 Thro' the long Course of *thousand Winters* ran.  
 An Eastern Sage to make the *Thesis* clear,  
 An Eastern Sage does the same Thing aver.  
*Plain is my Song, but wond'rous Truth affords,*  
*And Truth is ever best in plainest Words.*

THRO' a deep Vale an headlong Torrent  
 roars,  
 Winding its Course, and eats its oozy Shores,  
 A thousand Eddies curl its antient Head,  
 By many Tributary Fountains fed.  
 The Vale far stretch'd a dreary *Waste* appears,  
 Where *Misery* resides, and baleful Cares,  
 And bounds the Tides of ever rowling Years.  
 On either End oppose the spreading Sight  
 Impervious Clouds, and ever during Night.  
 The *Middle* void, betwixt each Cloud displays  
 The Calculations of accomplish'd Days,  
 And long successive Dates, that yet unknown,  
 Shall wing the hasty Hours as they come on.  
 Till Father *Saturn* with Creating cloy'd,  
 His own unhappy Issue has destroy'd.  
 High midst the Flood, and founded on the Sands,  
 The *Bridge of Life* an antient *Fabrick* stands;  
 Now ruinous, yet do its Ruins well  
 The wondrous Skill of the Contriver tell.

Of



*The Bridge of LIFE.*

3

Of old, Tradition says, the *Structure* stood  
Rear'd on a thousand Arches in the Flood,  
Long by th' insinuating Current worn,  
Beat on by Rains, and by rude Tempests torn.  
Till fed by copious Streams the Deluge grew,  
And Stocks and gath'ring Rubbish with it drew,  
And in its rapid Course the *Fabrick* over-  
threw.

Yet Part surviv'd the Stream's destructive Ire,  
An *hundred Arches*, *seventy* left entire.  
Above the Bridge unequal Sky is seen,  
Cloudy and clear, tempestuous and serene.  
Here swift Infection strikes, here killing Airs  
Freeze the young Blood, and nourish gloomy  
Cares,

Low in the Floor insidious Ruin lies,  
Pit-falls, and Doors conceal'd from human Eyes.  
The Wretch unwary trusts the treach'rous Way,  
Plum'd with big Hopes, and sparkling in the Day.  
Pursues the wanton Chace of *vain Delight*,  
Treads in the *Gin*, and plunges into Night.  
Easy to fall, but up again to climb  
He strives in vain, sunk in the Flood of Time.  
At either End the Traps are thickest strow'd,  
Above them sleeps supine a gloomy Cloud.  
Crowds of all *Ages* thro' the *Passage* throng,  
The full grown Man, the Feeble, Old and Young.  
Each keeps his *Path*, led on by diff'rent Views,  
Forms Shadows to himself, and form'd, pursues,  
One to prolong the Way, and sooth his Care,  
Gapes at a Flight of *Bubbles* in the Air;

*The Bridge of LIFE.*

But in the midst, and fix'd upon the Sport,  
 A Trap-door falls, and cuts his Travels short.  
 In this (a common Error) all agree  
 Their Journey's *final End* to dread and flee.  
 The hoary Dotard, whom his icy Veins  
 Pinch with new Aches, and still continu'd Pains,  
 Yet *under* Darkness, Penury, and Chains  
 Puts forth his Feet, not strong enough to go,  
 Beyond all Sense of Joy, yet hugs his Woe;  
 And shuns the Door that would at once convey  
 To lasting Bliss, and never ending Day.

Mix'd in the Crowd mishapen Monsters rove,  
 Here open Hate, there well dissembled Love.  
 Arm'd against Life, commission'd to destroy,  
 Horrid to Sight, and all the Arts employ.  
 Here catching Plague, there meagre Famine  
       stares,

And bloody War with all its Train appears,  
 Of Fury, Ill-Design, and winged Fears.  
 From these no State nor Sex Exemption have,  
 All fall alike, the Coward and the Brave,  
 Nor *Wealth*, nor *Pow'r*, nor *Piety* can save.  
 Flocks of ill omen'd Fowls the Fancies fright,  
*Crows, Harpies, Vultures, and the Bird of Night.*  
 And numerous other Forms of Passions hide,  
 Revenge, Ambition, Avarice and Pride.  
 Love too, that Fiend! an Angel once, his Darts  
 Employs, and sheds his Poison on their Hearts;

And

*The Bridge of LIFE.*

5

And bound in silken Chains, his Pris'ners drives  
On horrid Rapes, on Halters, Swords, and  
Knives.

Ev'n Infancy, that Cherub's not secure,  
But suffers most, least able to endure.

Most apt for Wrongs, when most unapt for Arms,  
Most harmless is, yet most expos'd to Harms.

Here smiling Innocence departed lies,

Here the young Hope of a whole City dies.

Haply had better Stars the Influence shed,

Or shone auspicious on thy Infant Head ;

Thou mightst have liv'd to bless thy Parent's  
Pray'rs,

And recompence their long paternal Cares.

Vain now the Pray's, in vain with weeping Eyes

They bid thee live, stern Destiny denies.



6 *Prologue to the Adelphi.*



PROLOGUE *spoken*  
*at Mr. Sheridan's School.*

*Enter Scholar riding on an Ass.*

THE Scenes are new, and every Thing compact.

And all our Younkers ready just to act.  
But why this Racket? Why this hurlyburly?  
Some laugh, some sneer, and some look very  
furly.

You're mighty Judges in your own Conceit,  
Am I the only Ass that rides in State?  
Our Play's th' *Adelphi*,—I'm to be a Brother,  
And my Supporter Ass to be another—  
But, Gentlemen, forbear; for as it passes,  
The greater Part among us are but Asses.

If you came higher to imbibe Instruction,  
And to receive some wonderful Production;  
I expect half Wit from th' Officers of Schools;  
Asses produce no Prodigies, but Mules.

Don't

*Prologue to the Adelphi.* 7

Don't think that I intend to be uncivil,  
I shall not ride like Beggars to the Devil.  
Too oft, alas! am I accouter'd thus,  
And forc'd to mount the standing *Pegasus*.  
Our Master still, which you will think a Wonder,  
Exalts the dull, and keeps the witty under.  
But ah! the Tyrant then without Remorse  
The Rider lashes, who should lash the Horse;  
And in Promotion takes away Command;  
For still the under has the upper Hand.

BUT hold—how's this!—who's that that yon-  
der scuffles

With Beaver, powder'd Wig, and Cambrick  
Ruffles?

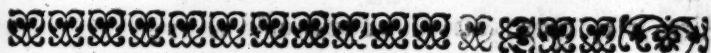
I value not his Pageantry a Loufe  
Sir *Fopling*, know, this is no Coffee-House;  
Since you're so prudent as to come to School,  
You must observe the Scholastic Rule;  
Our Master hates a self-conceited Elf,  
And bears no Noise, but what he makes him-  
self.

HE writes—but I shall not reveal the Myst'ry,  
We must beware of *Scandalum Magistri*.  
He that tells Tales is worse than He that witches,  
That Man may come to School without his  
Breeches.

Who'd purchase vain Applause with real Sorrow?  
Your Bays to Night, would turn to Birch to  
Morrow.

A L E T.





*A LETTER from the  
Quid Nuncs at St.  
James's Coffee - House,  
London, to their Bre-  
thren at Lucas's Coffee-  
House, in Dublin.*

---

*Quid scribam vobis, vel quid omnino  
non scribam,  
Dii me Deæque perdant, si satis scio.*

---

*To the President, &c.*

**S**IR, having nothing else to do  
We send these empty Lines to you ;  
To you these empty Lines we send  
For Want of News, my worthy Friend :  
In Hopes e'er long some Spirit kind  
Will either raise a Storm of Wind,

An



*An Epistle from St. James's.* 9

An Earthquake cause, or in the Air  
Embattled Troops will make appear :  
Or produce somewhere something new,  
Cause Stories whether false or true  
To fly about ; for without News  
Our Ears and Tongues are of no Use ;  
And when there's nothing to be said  
Tis better sure that we were dead.  
Good L——d ! what silent Times are these !  
All's Peace at Home ! Abroad all Peace !  
Our State secure ! C——ch out of Danger !  
D——n it ! 'twould make one burst with An-  
ger !

Not so, when glorious *Anna* reign'd ;  
New Things each Packet then contain'd.  
Then *Marlbro'*, thundring from a far,  
Uprouz'd us by the Din of War ;  
And *Oxford* (laying aside his G——e)  
Rouz'd us much more by making Peace.  
Then *D'Aumont* drove a right *French Trade*,  
And *run his Goods* in *Masquerade* :  
The *Pulpits* then were fill'd with Thunder,  
Each Day at Court produc'd some Wonder.  
The *Fleet* laid up, *Army* disbanded,  
And the *Pretender*——all——but landed.

BUT now the D——l a Thing like this,  
We eat, we drink, we sleep, we kiss.  
Grow fat as *Cooks*, grow rich as *Jews*,  
But what's all this, Sir, without News?

10 *An Epistle from St. James's.*

No News, Sir, let's see, none has been——  
These twelve long Months——no Monster  
seen——

No bloody Murthers——Battles none——  
Hardly a *Fire* in the Town——

No Frolick——Nay, Men cease to sport on  
His poor and merry Grace of *Wharton*.

Dismal indeed! In fine, my Friend,  
I fear the World's just at at End——

Fear! no! I hope——if this be true  
We then shall meet with something new.

BUT d——n that silly Ass the *Turk*——  
Well—*Alberoni* will make Work——

Nor shall we long, I'm sure complain,

*Philip* will send us News from *Spain*:

God bless us! should the *French* King dye!

The *Czar* too!—think you he'll lie by!

At least two hundred thousand Men——

Ha! he'll to *Persia* back agen——

Or else he'll fight some *European*;

Or send his Fleet t' invade th' *Ægean*.

Come——come——this Summer I foresee

Of new Things will Productive be:

And to preserve you from the *Hips*,

Next *May* we shall have an *Eclipse*.

But this, thank God, this great Event

King *George* and's Council can't prevent.

BESIDES, consider well, my Friend,  
What Things Star-gazers hence portend.

What

*An Epistle from St. James's.* 11

What Wars! What Famines! Great Men dead  
Women of Monsters brought to Bed!  
Well—hang it, Master, never fear;  
This will be a News-coining Year——  
May's not far off—No! not one Spark!  
Ah! we shall all be then in the dark!  
And yet (altho' as dark as Night)  
That Day shall bring strange Things to light.

BUT pray, Sir, how goes on your *Scheming*?  
Knows *Rythmicus* aught worth your Naming?  
Does keen *Fabricius*, skilful Brother!  
See still as far as any other  
Into the Millstone, which before you,  
Grinds hourly some pretty Story  
Into a thousand Parts so small,  
At length they're hardly seen at all.  
Does *Masticator* sage and wise  
Still worn out Stuff a-new devise?  
And find th' inimitable Grace  
Of all that's said by *Bonniface*?  
Does soft *Virginus* still beguile  
His Hours by that most silent Smile  
With which h' assents to all that's said?  
Is old *Inany* alive or dead?  
Is *Venter* Ditto? Dull and merry?  
Whom have ye voted *Dean of Derry*?  
Are ye all i' th' Dark? Or can ye look  
Into each Secret of the Duke?  
Tell why Things thus long are deferr'd,  
And name the Men to be preferr'd?

Tell

12 *An Epistle from St. James's.*

Tell these, my Friend, and what's to follow,  
And you shall be my *great Apollo*.  
When on dry Ground shall People tread  
From *Hoath's* high Hill to *Holy-Head*?  
Wide as the *Thames* shall *Liffy* flow,  
Amidst the Bogs shall Spices grow.  
Say, can a better *Vice Roy* grace  
The Duke of *Grafton's* arduous Place?  
Than him, who'll Faction more despise,  
And will be factious e'er he wise?  
Will they *to mean somewhat* be taught?  
Will *Quid Nuncs* e'er prove good for ought?  
When will *Miss Eustace* cease to charm,  
And crafty *Clodius* mean no Harm?  
But *just arriv'd one Holland Mail*,  
And so in Haste we sign and seal.

YOUR'S, &c.



THE



PROLOGUE to a  
Greek Play, intended to  
be spoken by a Boy of six  
Years old.

Written by Mr. SHERIDAN.

UNDER the Notion of a Play you see,  
We're fairly coax'd to act a Tragedy,  
Lord! How can any Man of Reason say  
That so much Labour can be call'd a Play?  
Should any one be so absurd a Fool,  
I'd be the first should kick him out of School.  
For I am sure it cost us aching Hearts,  
And aching Heads before we got our Parts.  
Not all the Learning of the Year behind  
Laid half so great a Load upon our Mind!

My Mother told me in these Words last Night,  
Dear Tommy, Child, Books will destroy you  
quite.

VOL. III.

C

That



14 *Prologue to PHÆDRA, &c.*

That you should read at all I'm very loath,  
My Life, my Dear, I fear they'll spoil your  
Growth.

And she says right; They cost me so much Pains,  
I wish ten thousand Times I had no Brains;  
Or had no Breech to whip—why then I'd play,  
But not in *Greek*—I'd find a better Way.

Now, Gentlemen, 'tis worth your while to  
look,

You see this Gig I have, you see this Book;  
The Gig can spin, and hop, and frisk, and tolt,  
The Book's a lazy, sluggish, heavy Dolt.

SEE how much Life is in this bouncing Ball,  
Now smoak the Book, it cannot bounce at all.

THIS Top I carry to play *Mug and Glofs*,  
This Bone I have to play at *Pitch and Toss*.  
But this is neither fit for *Glofs* or *Mug*,  
A lifeless Drone, it is a perfect Slug.  
I swear the very Sight on't makes me sick;  
I'm sure it is a cursed Bone to pick.

NEXT Figure I present you is my Kite,  
What Poet ever had so fine a Flight?  
See how he Skims, and soars along the Sky!  
Come, Friend *Euripides*, let's see you fly.—  
Down, down he comes, in vain aloft he springs,  
A perfect lifeless Bat with Leathern Wings.

I

BEHOLD



*Prologue to PHÆDRA, &c.* 15

BEHOLD my Bag of Marbles, here's a Treasure !

Here's is a World of Joy, a World of Pleasure !  
Now, what is this Book good for ? Come, let's  
see——

Oh yes ! 'tis good to put beneath my Knee.  
While thus I play regardless of all Care,  
And wisely act within my proper Sphere.  
O ! cou'd I thus in Happiness and Ease  
Pass the Remainder of my well spent Days  
Secure from Birch, regardless of its Pain,  
I'd never, never read a Book again.  
Rather than ever play a Play in *Greek*,  
Grant us, ye Fates, to play at *Hide and Seek*.





PROLOGUE *to the*  
 SAME, *spoken by the*  
*Boy of six Years old.*

Written by *Dean S W I F T.*

**Y**E Sons of *Athens*, grant me one Request,  
 And I'll requite ye with a pleading Test.  
 Protect me from my Master's cruel Rod,  
 Hideme, Oh ! hide me from the Tyrant's Nod.  
 He penn'd a Prologue, which to me was shown  
 I lik'd it not, and told him, 'twould not down.  
 He said it Humour had, and Wit enough,  
 But to my thinking it was scurvy Stuff.  
 Howe'er, he made me get it all by Heart,  
 And thus instructed me to play my Part.

“ DEAR *Tommy*, Child, repeat the whole with  
 Care,  
 “ Here you must raise your Voice ; but sink it there.

“ Then

- " Then in due Order take your Play-things up,  
 " Now whip your Gig, now spin your Castle-  
 Top.  
 " Then take in Hand your *Virgil*, and your  
 Kite,  
 " Throw *Virgil* on the Ground, set that to  
 Flight,  
 " Then speak these Lines, I'm sure they'll  
 give Delight.

THUS he desired me to speak and act,  
 Believe me, Sirs, what I relate is Fact.  
 And now he waits expecting I shou'd say  
 That trifling Prologue to this serious Play.  
 But I must beg in that to be excus'd,  
 I would not have this Audience so abus'd.  
 Such Entertainment is not fit for Men,  
 Till they have reach'd their childish Age agen.  
 Not like that *reverend Sage*, \* in whom appears  
 New Force of Reason in advanced Years.  
 Oh ! cou'd I celebrate with equal Parts  
 That Patron of Religion and of Arts.  
 The Stay of Right, the Church's chief Support  
 His Country's Champion, and her last Resort.

BUT I forbear ; and now I must provide  
 For my own Safety, for I fear I've try'd

---

\* *The Bishop of Dublin, who was there.*

18      Another *Prologue*, &c.

My Master's Patience, and his Anger mov'd,  
In speaking what he ne'er would have approv'd.  
I know my Danger, but I can't repent,  
For being steady to a good Intent.

THUS firmly did *Hippolytus* pursue  
The slipp'ry Paths of Virtue, tho' he knew  
His Ruin thence would certainly ensue. }  
Since our Conditions are so near the same,  
They both alike your kind Compassion claim:  
Grant your Protection then, ye Sons of Wit,  
To poor *Hippolytus*, and poor *Tom Titt*.



THE



THE  
DRINKING MATCH.  
*An Imitation of* CHEVY-  
CHACE.

---

By the Duke of WHARTON.

---

I.

GOD prosper long our noble King,  
And likewise *Eden-Hall*;  
A doleful Drinking-Bout I sing,  
There lately did befall.

II.

To chace the Spleen with Cup and Can  
Duke *Philip* took his Way;  
Babes yet unborn shall never see  
Such Drinking as that Day.

III. The



## III.

The stout and ever thirsty Duke  
A Vow to God did make,  
His Pleasure within *Cumberland*  
Three live-long Nights to take.

## IV.

Sir *Musgrave* too of *Martindale*,  
A true and worthy Knight,  
Eftsoons with him a Bargain made  
In Drinking to delight.

## V.

The Bumper swiftly pass'd about,  
Six in a Hand went round,  
And with their Calling for more Wine,  
They made the Hall resound.

## VI.

Now when these merry Tydings reach'd  
The Earl of *Harold's* Ears,  
Am I, quoth he, with a great Oath  
So slighted by my Peers?

VII. Sad-

## The *Drinking Match*.

21

### VII.

Saddle my Horse, bring me my Boots,  
I'll with them be right quick;  
And, Master Sheriff, come you too,  
We'll fit them for this Trick.

### VIII.

Lo! yonder doth Earl *Harold* come  
Did one at Table say;  
'Tis well, reply'd the mettled Duke,  
How will he get away?

### IX.

When thus the Earl began, great Duke,  
I'll know how this did chance,  
Without inviting me sure this,  
You did not learn in *France*.

### X.

One of us two under the Board  
For this Affront shall lye;  
I know thee well, a Duke thou art,  
So some Years hence may I.

XI. And

## XI.

And trust me, *Wharton*, Pity it were,  
So much good Wine to spill,  
As these Companions all may drink  
E'er they have had their Fill.

## XII.

Let Thou and I in Bumpers full  
This great Affair decide,  
Accurst be he, Duke *Wharton* said,  
By whom it is deny'd.

## XIII.

To *Andrews* and to *Hotbam* Fair  
Many a Pint went round,  
And many a gallant Gentleman,  
Lay spewing on the Ground.

## XIV.

When at the last the Duke espy'd  
He had the Earl secure,  
And ply'd him with a full Pint Glass,  
Which laid him on the Floor.

XV. Who

The *Drinking Match*. 23

XV.

Who never spoke more Words than these,  
After he downward sunk ;  
My worthy Friends, revenge my Fall,  
Duke *Wharton* sees me drunk.

XVI.

Then with a Groan Duke *Philip* held  
The sick Man by the Joint,  
And said, Earl *Harold*, 'stead of thee  
Would I had drank that Pint.

XVII.

O Christ! my very Heart does bleed,  
And does within me sink,  
For surely a more sober Earl  
Did never swallow Drink.

XVIII.

With that, the Sheriff in a Rage,  
To see the Earl so smit,  
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk Peer  
Upon renown'd Sir *Kit*.

XIX. Then

24      The *Drinking Match*.

XIX.

Then stept a gallant 'Squire forth,  
Of Visage thin and pale,  
*Lloyd* was his Name, and of *Gangball*,  
Fast by the River *Swale*.

XX.

Who said, he would not have it told  
Where *Eden* River ran,  
That unconcern'd he should sit by,  
So, Sheriff, I'm your Man.

XXI.

Full lustily and long they swill'd,  
Many a tedious Hour ;  
Till like a Vessel over-fill'd,  
It run upon the Floor.

XXII.

Then News was brought into the Room  
Where the Duke lay in Bed,  
How that his 'Squire suddenly,  
Upon the Ground was laid.

XXIII. Oh!



The Drinking Match: 25

XXIII.

Oh! heavy News, Duke *Philip* said,  
Cumberland witness be ;  
I have not any Toper more,  
Of such Account as he.

XXIV.

Like Tydings to Earl *Harold* came,  
Within as short a Space,  
How that his doughty Sheriff too  
Was tumbled from his Place.

XXV.

Now God be with him, said the Earl,  
Since 'twill no better be ;  
I trust I have within my Town,  
As drunken Knights as he.

XXVI.

Of all the Number that was there,  
Sir *Baynes* he scorn'd to yield ;  
But with a Bumper in his Hand,  
He stagger'd o'er the Field.

26      *The Drinking Match.*

XXVII.

Thus did the dire Engagement end,  
And each Man of the Slain,  
Was quickly carry'd off to Bed,  
His Senses to regain.

XXVIII.

God save the King, the Church, and State,  
And bless the Land with Peace ;  
And grant henceforth that Drunkenness  
'Twixt Noblemen may cease.

XXIX.

And also bless our Royal Prince,  
The Kingdom's other Hope ;  
And grant us Grace for to defie  
The Devil and the Pope.



A R I D.



## A R I D D L E.

*By the Reverend Doctor*  
DELANY.

I N Youth exalted high in Air,  
Or bathing in the Waters fair,  
Nature to form me took Delight,  
And clad my Body all in white.  
My Person tall, and slender Waist,  
On either Side with Fringes grac'd.  
Till Me that Tyrant Man espy'd,  
And drag'd me from my Mother's Side.  
No wonder now I look so thin,  
The Tyrant stripp'd me to my Skin.  
My Skin he flay'd, my Hair he crop'd,  
At Head and Foot my Body lopp'd.  
And then with Heart more hard than Stone,  
He pick'd my Marrow from the Bone.  
To vex me more, he took a freak  
To slit my Tongue, and made me speak.  
But that which wonderful appears,  
I speak to Eyes, and not to Ears.

To Me he chiefly gives in Trust  
To please his Malice or his Lust.  
From Me no Secret he can hide,  
I see his Malice and his Pride.  
And my Delight is to expose  
His Follies to his greatest Foes.  
All Languages I can command,  
Yet not one Word I understand.  
Without my Aid the best Divine  
In Learning would not know a Line.  
The Lawyer must forget his Pleading,  
The Scholar would not show his Reading.  
Nay, Man, my Master, is my Slave,  
I give Command to kill or save;  
And grant ten thousand Pounds a Year,  
And make a Beggar strut a Peer.  
But while I thus my Life relate,  
I only hasten on my Fate.  
My Tongue is black, my Mouth is furr'd,  
I hardly now can force a Word.  
I dye unpity'd and forgot,  
And on some Dunghil left to rot.

---

*The Solution—A P E N.*



E P I T A P H.

*Designed for a Lady of  
Quality, as soon as she  
dies.*

**H** E R E lies a fine Nymph of strong Passions  
 and Parts,  
 Great Sense, no Discretion, well vers'd *in some*  
*Arts,*  
 Tho' ugly, yet airy; very gay, tho' not young;  
 Unconfi'd was her Wit, as unruly her  
 Tongue;  
 Talk'd much of Religion, tho' in Fact she had  
 none,  
 But to *Sceptic* and *Papist* was equally prone.  
 In Spite to her Sire she inclin'd to one Party,  
 And for meer Contradiction seem'd honest and  
 hearty.  
 Her Relations she hated, her Acquaintance she  
 teiz'd,  
 And with nought 'bove a Moment she ever  
 was pleas'd;

D 3

She



30 An E P I T A P H

She had very few Friends, but Flatterers many,  
And for Foes, her dear self was the greatest  
of any.

Thus she liv'd an odd Life, without Thought,  
—without Care,

And, railing at all, dy'd at last in Despair.



O N

GALLSTOWN-HOUSE.

---

By Mr. DELANY.

---

'TIS so old, and so ugly, and yet so convenient,

You're sometimes in Pleasure, tho' often in Pain in't ;

'Tis so large you may lodge a Friend or two with Ease in't,

You may turn and stretch at your Length if you please in't.

'Tis

*Gallstown-House.*

31

'Tis so little, the Family live in a Press in't,  
And poor Lady BETTY has scarce Room to  
dress in't.

'Tis so cold in the Winter you can't bear to lye in't.  
And so hot in the Summer you're ready to fry in't.

'Tis so brittle 'twould scarce bear the Weight of  
a Tun,

Yet so staunch that it keeps out a great deal of Sun.

'Tis so crazy the Weather with Ease beats quite  
thro' it,

And you're forc'd ev'ry Year in some Part to  
renew it.

'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little,

'Tis so staunch and so crazy, so strong and so  
brittle,

'Tis at one Time so hot, and another so cold,

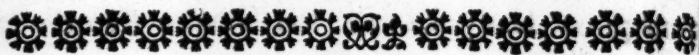
It is Part of the New, and Part of the Old,

It is just half a Blessing, and just half a Curse,

I wish then, dear GEORGE, it were better or  
worse.



THE



# THE

—*Surget gens Aurea mundo,  
Casta fave Lucina, tuus jam regnat  
Apollo.* Virg. Pollio.

**H**IBERNIA hard beset with gloomy  
Cares,

Through all her *Provinces* confest her Fears.  
In deep Distress to Heav'n she turns her Eyes,  
But Heav'n, alas! regardless of her Cries,  
Shews Signs of Wrath. Ah! how could she  
suppose,

Such partial *Mercy* should relieve her Woes?  
Sins less than hers undid the World of Old,  
And to a *Brazen* turn'd an Age of *Gold*.

“ From the like Fate can she expect Redress !  
Long did that Thought each plaintive Sigh sup-  
press.

*The Brazen Age banished.* 33

AT length a Gleam of Comfort cheers her  
Mind,

She hears of Old in Pity to Mankind,  
*Apollo*, quitting the bright Heav'n of Gods,  
Vouchsaf'd to visit these distress'd Abodes.  
Their Monarch's Progress the glad Muses throng,  
And pay their Tribute in Immortal Song.  
Nature long harass'd and oppress'd with Pain,  
Feels Life recruited in each bounding Vein;  
Fresh as in Youth her Blessings she bestows,  
And a new Bloom the God's great Presence  
shows:

The God's great Presence ev'ry Joy imparts,  
And animates anew the drooping *Arts* :  
*Science* neglected now no longer pines,  
But high in Honours as in Merit shines.  
Not empty Honours, such as Wreaths bestow'd,  
But such as testify'd the Patron *God*.

FROM this great Instance of coelestial Love,  
Again *Hibernia* supplicates her *Jove* :  
With awful Sweetness the dread *Sov'raign* hears,  
And wills his *CART'RET* to relieve her Fears.

O! who, *Hibernia* more divinely Great,  
To save thee trembling on the Brink of Fate?  
If to redeem thee shou'd exceed his Pow'r,  
Thou well bethink'st thee of thy latest Hour ;  
But the dark Bodings of thy Anguish wave,  
Such God-like Virtues must have Pow'r to save.  
Expect

34 *The Brazen Age banished.*

Expect whate'er in Honour thou can'st ask,  
Thy CART'RET's equal to the glorious Task.  
CART'RET adorn'd with every courtly Art,  
The purest Manners, and the noblest Heart.  
How great his Looks ! how graceful is his Mien !  
High without Pride, and awfully serene !  
Such shines his Person ! but what Art so rare,  
To paint the Virtues that inhabit there ?  
Truth, Mercy, Justice, Sanctity of Mind,  
The Hero temper'd, and the Man refin'd.

Now, now *Hibernia*, give thy Plainings o'er,  
And shout thy Transports from thy farthest Shore.  
Behold him come, thy Sorrows to assuage,  
The great APOLLO of the present Age !  
In high Exultance of their Monarch's Reign,  
The ravish'd Poets crowd into his Train.  
Where'er he shines th' attendant *Nine* resort,  
All is *Parnassus* where he deigns his Court.

IF Peace returning cou'd command thy Lyre,  
And with the Rapture of such Lays inspire  
Thy tuneful Soul ; too silent TICKELL tell  
Why hangs neglected thy melodious Shell ?  
Now when thou seest such gen'ral Joys around,  
And Peace with Plenty in glad Triumph crown'd.

Cou'd the new Glories of our *Western Clime*,  
Engagethee PHILIPS in the Lists of Rhyme,

Then



*The Brazen Age banished.* 35

Then shou'd thy *Muse* her fuller Strength put  
forth,  
And our's exceed thy *Landscape* of the *North*.

HERE shou'd'st thou first the poor *Hibernia*  
show,  
In sad Expectance of impending Woe.  
Her mournful Sons low drooping in their Fears,  
Her wretched Matrons all dissolv'd in Tears,  
Her Honours faded in thy Verse shou'd pine,  
And sigh and murmur in each plaintive Line.

CHANGING the Strain, next shou'd'st thou great-  
ly hail

The welcome *GUARDIAN* of the *Publick Weal*.  
His God-like Virtues and our Joys rehearse,  
And crown the mutual Glories with thy Verse.  
How shou'd bold Transports animate thy Lays!  
How swell thy Numbers to the Height of Praise!  
Thy lovely *Muse* shou'd as thy Subject smile,  
And fill the gen'ral *Chorus* of our *Isle*.



NO-BODY

35 No-body *turn'd* Some-body.



NO-BODY *turn'd* SOME-  
BODY: *Or, The fair*  
*Confession of M. D. Esq;*

FROM a beggarly Off-spring, from Dung-  
hill and Dirt,  
Without Brogues, or Breeches, or Bendal-Cloth  
Shirt;  
With Hunger, and Vermin, and Rags of Con-  
tempt,  
And no Views beyond either Starving or Hemp.  
“ Behold I am come to show you the Pride,  
“ Wherewith Beggars always exalted do ride.

I TELL you the Truth——Pray mind it, good  
People,  
Or may I be hanged as high as a Steeple.  
In this squallid State, I own it, dear Honey,  
Without Birth or Breeding, Friends, Manners,  
or Money,

YET

No-body *turn'd* Some-body. 37

Was I (I remember) a Rapparee Spawn,  
As wild as a Wolf upon \* *Knockelegant*.

YET Fortune it seems was resolv'd to be kind,  
And heap on me Riches; sure Token she's blind.  
With Hunger and Vermin, in such woeful Flight,  
Twixt Hope and Despair I e'en took my Flight.  
And stroll'd it along without much Expences,  
Till Entry I made into *Dubliniensis*.

The Employment for which I was fittest and  
able,

Was *Driving of Pigs*, or *To help in a Stable*.

But if such Preferment should happen to fail,  
I might learn for to draw the *Dev'l by the Tail*.

But little I thought that the Time drew so near,  
My Wants to supply, and dispel all my Fear.

A LADY! (God rest her Soul I may say)

But for her I had been a Black-Guard to this  
Day.

With good Beef and Pudding my Belly she fill'd,  
My Rags she stripp'd off, and my *Vermin* all kill'd.  
Gave me spick and span Livery, with fine *Shoul-*  
*der-Knot*,

*For to walk vid her Shair at a handsome Dog-Trot.*

*Dear Agra, by my Shoul, I did think my self then,*  
*Sho brave and sho fine as the Knight of the Glin.*

---

\* *A Hill in the County of Kerry.*

38 No-body *turn'd* Some-body.

*But shoon growing vanton vid good Drinks and Diet,*

*I vas damnable shancy—I will not deny it.*

BUT to shorten my Story as much as I can,  
'Twas what murder'd Millions that made me  
a Man ;

Ev'n *Marriage* I mean, there's no more to be  
said,

For I courted and married a choice *Chamber-  
Maid*.

A *Maid*! Did I say? It's no Matter for that—  
She was sure of a Friend in good C——P——

And *He* for *her* Sake, and *the Good of the Nation*,  
In the I—— Office did give me a Station.

About five and forty Pounds Sterling a Year,  
Which I made two thousand, I'll make it appear,  
Now if any should ask *how the Plague that*  
*could be,*

Let him search King's-Bench-Office, and there  
let him see

Judgments enter'd for above fifty thousand by  
me.

This is Matter of Fact ; but the *How*, and *Which*  
*Way*,

Let the *Widows*, and *Orphans*, and *Pensioners* say.

*M—D—an Esq*; is now much in Vogue,

For all Men believe him a Thief and a Rogue.

But what do I care, since the Coin I have got,  
Their Railing and Scolding I value it not.

I BUILT

No-body turn'd Some-body. 39

I BUILT a *Small Lodge*, a very great *Wonder*,  
Which cost *but* of Sterling one thousand six  
hundred.

Such a pitiful Thing for my own Commodation,  
Forsooth must offend my *Lord* and the Nation.  
And ev'ry poor Rascal, and beggarly Rogue  
Cries O Mr. D—, you must now disemboque.  
You have pillag'd, and plunder'd, and cheated  
the Nation,  
I hope you'll be brought to your Primitive Station.

BUT to shew you how little their Malice I  
value,  
From the highest of all to the mechanic Fellow.  
I bid them Defiance—a F—t for them all,  
If I please I'll build Castles like \* *Sell-Bridge*  
great Hall.  
'Tis true that I robb'd all the Kingdom at large,  
*But who can bring in his PARTICULAR CHARGE?*  
Had I stolen a Goat, a Sheep, or a Cow,  
I had hang'd like my *Fore-fathers* long before now.  
But now I am safe, and have Wealth in great  
Plenty,  
By robbing at least ten thousand times twenty.

LET the Law if it can on the C——lay hold,  
He got more of the Booty than I three times told

40 No-body *turn'd* Some-body.

They may make his Fat drop by the *Parliament Fire*  
But the Devil a *Susky* they'll get from the  
Squire.



*A new Song on WOOD'S  
Half-pence.*

---

By 'Dean SWIFT.

---

YE People of *Ireland* both Country and City,  
Come listen with Patience, and hear out  
my Ditty,  
At this Time I'll chuse to be wiser than witty.  
*Which no Body can deny.*

The Half-pence are coming, the Nation's un-  
doing,  
There's an End of your Ploughing, and Baking,  
and Brewing,  
In short you must all go to Rack and to Ruin.  
*Which, &c.*

Both



Both high Men and low Men, and thick Men  
and tall Men,  
And rich Men and poor Men, and free Men and  
thrall Men,  
Will suffer, and this Man, and that Man, and  
all Men.

*Which, &c.*

The Soldier is ruin'd, poor Man, by his Pay,  
His five Pence will prove but a Farthing a Day,  
For Meat, or for Drink, or he must run away.

*Which, &c.*

When he pulls out his two Pence, the Tapster  
says not,  
That ten times as much he must pay for his Shot,  
And thus the poor Soldier he must go to Pot.

*Which, &c.*

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff,  
And twenty Pence have for a two Penny Loaf,  
Then, Dog, Rogue, and Rascal, and so kick  
and cuff.

*Which, &c.*

Again, to the Market whenever he goes,  
The Butcher and Soldier must be mortal Foes,  
One cuts off an Ear, and the other a Nose.

*Which, &c.*

The Butcher is stout, and he values no Swagger,  
A Cleaver's a Match any Time for a Dagger,  
And a blue Sleeve may give such a Cuff as may  
    flagger.

*Which, &c.*

The Peggars themselves will be broke in a trice,  
When thus their poor Farthings are sunk in their  
    Price,

When nothing is left they must live on their Lice.

*Which, &c.*

The 'Squire who's got him twelve thousand a  
    Year,

O Lord! what a Mountain his Rents would  
    appear,

Shou'd he take 'em, he would not have House-  
    Room I fear.

*Which, &c.*

Tho' at present he lives in a very large House,  
There would not be Room in it left for a Mouse,  
But the 'Squire's too wise, he won't take a Souse.

*Which, &c.*

The Farmer who comes with his Rent in this  
    Cash,

For taking these Counters, and being so rash,  
Will be kick'd out of Doors, both himself and  
    his Trash.

*Which, &c.*

For

For in all the Leases that ever we hold,  
We must pay our Rent in good Silver and Gold,  
And not in brass Tokens of such a base Mould.

*Which, &c.*

The wisest of Lawyers all swear they will warrant

No Money but Silver and Gold can be current,  
And since they will swear it, we all may be  
sure on't.

*Which, &c.*

And I think after all it would be very strange,  
To give current Money for base in Exchange,  
Like a fine Lady swapping her Moles for the  
Mange.

*Which, &c.*

But read the King's Patent, and there you will  
find,

That no Man need take 'em but who has a Mind,  
For which we must say his Majesty's kind.

*Which, &c.*

Now God blest the Draper who open'd our Eyes,  
I'm sure by his Book that the Writer is wise,  
He shews us the Cheat from the End to the Rise.

*Which, &c.*

Nay,

Nay, farther he shews it a very hard Case,  
That this Fellow *Wood's* of a very Bad Race,  
Should of all the fine Gentry of *Ireland* take  
Place

*Which, &c.*

That he and his *Half-pence* should come to weigh  
down

Our Subjects so loyal and true to the Crown,  
But I hope after all that they will be his own.

*Which, &c.*

This Book I do tell you is writ for your Goods  
And a very good Book against Mr. *Wood's*,  
If you stand true together, he's left in the Suds.

*Which, &c.*

Ye Shop-Men and Trades-Men and Farmers go  
read it.

For I think in my Soul at this time that you  
need it,

Or I Gad if you don't there's an End of your  
Credit.

*Which no Body can deny.*

T  
Eve  
The  
Slee  
Plea  
Litt  
Tatt  
Sing  
Lavi  
Simp  
Babli  
Yet,  
Yet,



To Miss CHARLOTTE  
PULTENEY in her  
*Mother's Arms.*

---

By AMBROSE PHILIPS Esq;

---

TIMELY Blossom, Infant fair,  
Fondling of a happy Pair.  
Every Morn, and every Night,  
Their sollicitous Delight.  
Sleeping, Waking, still at Ease,  
Pleasing, without Skill to please.  
Little Gossip, blythe and hale,  
Tattl'ing many a broken Tale.  
Singing many a tuneless Song;  
Lavish of a heedless Tongue:  
Simple Maiden, void of Art,  
Babbling out the very Heart;  
Yet, abandon'd to thy Will,  
Yet, imagining no Ill,

Yet,

Yet, too innocent to blush:  
Like the *Linnet* in the Bush,  
To the Mother *Linnet*'s Note,  
Modelling her slender Throat.  
Chirping forth her petty Joys,  
Wanton in the Change of Toys.  
Like the *Linnet* green, in *May*,  
Flutt'ring to each bloomy Spray;  
Wearied then, and glad of Rest,  
Like the *Linnet* in the Nest,  
This thy present happy Lot,  
This in Time will be forgot;  
Other Pleasures, other Cares,  
Every busy Time prepares;  
And thou shalt in thy Daughter see,  
This Picture once resembled Thee.







To Miss PEGGY PUL-  
TENY in the Nur-  
sery.

---

By the SAME.

---

**D**IMPLY Damsel, sweetly smiling,  
All careffing, none beguiling ;  
And of Beauty fairly blowing,  
Every Charm to Nature owing ;  
This, and that new Thing admiring,  
Much of this, and that enquiring ;  
Knowledge by Degrees attaining,  
Day by Day, some Virtue gaining :  
Ten Years hence when I leave Chiming,  
Careless Poets, fondly Rhyming,  
Rescued now, perhaps in Spelling)  
In thy riper Beauties dwelling,  
Shall accuse each killing Feature,  
Of the cruel charming Creature,  
Whom I knew complying, willing,  
Tender, and averse from killing.



*On the Death of the Earl*  
of HALIFAX.

---

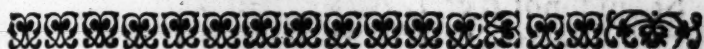
By the S A M E.

---

**W**EEPING o'er thy sacred Urn,  
 Ever shall the Muses mourn;  
 Sadly shall their Numbers flow,  
 Ever elegant in Woe.  
 Thousands, nobly born, shall die;  
 Thousands in Oblivion lye;  
 Names, that leave no Trace behind;  
 Like the Clouds before the Wind.  
 When the dusky Shadows pass,  
 Lightly-fleeting, o'er the Grass.  
 But, O HALIFAX! thy Name  
 Shall thro' Ages rise in Fame:  
 Sweet Remembrance shall then find;  
 Sweet, in every noble Mind.

DAMON

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D A M O N ' s   C a f e  
A N D  
R e s o l u t i o n .

*D A M O N*, unhappy *Damon* ! sure,  
Thou dost sufficient Pain endure !  
Once, who cou'd think a Thing so strange  
Cou'd happen, as this mighty Change !  
*Damon*, (the well known sprightly Boy,  
Gay as the very Son of Joy,)  
Now's so compleatly wretched grown,  
Fate seems to point at him alone !  
*Damon*, unhappy *Damon* ! tell  
How this surprizing Change beset.

ONCE did I seem with all possess'd,  
That Man cou'd wish for to be bless'd ;  
The little Flock that wanders there,  
Was once poor *Damon's* only Care :  
This homely Bottle, and that Crook,  
This Pipe, and that neglected Book,  
Were all the Goods I wish'd to have,  
And thank'd the Gods who so much gave !  
Lord of my self, I drove along,  
From Vale, to Vale my bleating Throng.

Resolving that the brightest Eyes,  
 Should not o'er *Damon* tyrannize.  
 Daily convers'd with Nymphs, but still  
 Preserv'd an un-perverted Will;  
 Whence I suppos'd I none should find,  
 Too strong for my *Platonick* Mind,  
 Then was I well! Still might have been,  
 If I *Serena* ne'er had seen.

At first I thought it but Surprise,  
 I view'd, and argu'd with my Eyes,  
 Argu'd with Reason, bravely strove,  
 T' oppose the conqu'ring Queen of Love.  
 But all in vain! I found it vain,  
 To think to change what Fates ordain.  
 And sighing, said, this Day has Rest  
 And Comfort fled, from *Damon's* Breast,  
 By th' roll of bright *Serena's* Eyes,  
 Henceforth her *Damon* lives or dies!  
 But what is Pain? Ah! no, no less  
 Than my compleatest Happiness.  
 My best Endeavours shou'd not fail,  
 Cou'd I but think they wou'd prevail;  
 But that (too clearly I foresee)  
 Alas, can never, never be!  
 Her Flocks more numerous, and fine,  
 Her Acres more by Half than mine.  
 Poor Difference! And yet that's all!  
 By which Amours now stand or fall.  
 Now he that is of most possess'd,  
 Must be of Consequence the Best!

Ye Gods ! Ye know I'd not be mov'd,  
Were Men to be by Virtue prov'd,  
By those fair Qualities that can  
Truly denominate a M A N ;  
Not by the sordid Bulk of Gold,  
Nor by the Largeness of a Fold ;  
Which e'er the Morning Dawn appear,  
A Thief may steal, or Wolf may tear ;  
When of *Alexis* nought remains  
But human Shape, where's *Glee's* Gains ?

BUT since't can't be as I desire,  
Be't as the rigid Fates require !  
Henceforth I eagerly shall strive,  
By every honest Art to thrive ;  
With double Care I'll tend my Flock,  
By all just Means enlarge my Stock.  
Henceforth I shall no more be seen,  
In awkward Dress, on any Green ;  
From that fair *Beech* a Branch I took,  
To make a New, and handsome Crook,  
Which on its Top, made smooth and fair,  
*Serena's* dear lov'd Name shall bear.  
The *Myrtle* (her beloved Green)  
Shall on my Temples still be seen ;  
The *Rose*, *Anemony*, and *Pink*,  
And ev'ry Flower, that I can think  
Is grateful to *Serena's* Eyes,  
I'll gather up, and greatly prize.  
Whate'er I do, or think, or speak,  
Y Shall all be for *Serena's* Sake ;



52      *Damon's Case, &c.*

And let poor *Damon* gain or lose,  
These are the only Means I'll use;  
And may th' observing Pow'rs above,  
Promote so great and virtuous Love.



TOM PUN-SIBI  
*Metamorphosed :*

O R,  
*The Giber Gibed.*

---

*Mirandi Novitate movebere Monstri.*  
Ovid *Metam.*

---

**T**<sup>OM</sup> was a little merry *Grig*,  
Fiddled and danc'd to his own *Gig*.  
Good natur'd, but a little silly,  
Irresolute, and shally-shilly:  
What he should do, he cou'd not guess,  
They mov'd him like a Man at *Chefs*.  
SWIFT told him once that he had Wit;  
SWIFT was in jest, poor *Tom* was bit;  
Thought



*Tom Pun-sibi metamorphosed.* 53

Thought himself second Son of *Phœbus*,  
For Ballad, Pun, Lampoon, and Rebus :  
He took a Draught of *Helicon*,  
And swallow'd so much Water down,  
He got a *Dropsy* ; now they say 'tis,  
Turn'd t' a *Poetick Diabetes* ;  
For all the Liquor he has pass'd  
Is without *Spirit, Salt, or Taste* ;  
But since it pass'd, *Tom* thought it Wit,  
And therefore writ, and writ, and writ.  
He writ *The famous Punning Art*,  
*The Benefit of Piss and Fart*,  
He writ *The Wonder of all Wonders*,  
He writ *The Blunder of all Blunders*.  
He writ a merry *Farce* for Poppet,  
Taught *Actors* how to *squeak* and *hop it*.  
*A Treatise on the wooden Man*,  
*A Ballad on the Nose of Dan*,  
*The Art of making April Fools*,  
And four and thirty *Quibbling Rules*.  
The learned say, that *Tom* went Snacks  
With *Philomaths* for *Almanacks*.  
Tho' they divided are, for some say,  
He writ for *Whalley*, some for *Cumpsty*.  
Hundreds there are, who will make Oath,  
That he writ *Almanacks* for both.  
And tho' they made the *Calculations*,  
*Tom* writ the *Monthly Observations*.  
Such were his Writings, but his Chatter  
Was one continu'd Clitter Clatter.

54 *Tom Pun-sibi* metamorphosed.

SWIFT slit his Tongue, and made it talk,  
 Cry *Cup of Sack*, and *walk*, *Knave*, *walk*,  
 And fitted little prating *Pall*,  
 For *Wier Cage* in Common Hall.  
 Made him expert at *Quibble-Fargon*,  
 And quaint at Selling of a Bargain,  
*Pall* he cou'd talk in different *Linguo's*,  
 But he cou'd not be taught *Distinguo's*.  
 SWIFT try'd in vain, and angry thereat,  
 Into a Spaniel, turn'd his Parrot,  
 Made him to walk on his hind Legs,  
 He dances, paws, and fawns, and begs.  
 Then cuts a Caper o'er a Stick,  
 Lies close, does whine, and creep, and lick.  
 SWIFT put a Bit upon his Snout,  
 Poor *Tom* he daren't look about ;  
 But when that SWIFT does give the Word,  
 He snaps it up, tho' 'twere a *T—d*.  
 SWIFT stroaks his Back, and gives him Viſtual,  
 And then he makes him lick his Spittle.  
 Sometimes he takes him on his Lap,  
 And makes him grin, and snarl, and snap ;  
 He ſet the little Cur at me,  
 I kick'd, he leap'd upon his Knee.  
 I took him by the Neck to ſhake him,  
 I made him void his *Album Gracum*,  
 Turn out the ſtinking Cur, Pox take him  
 Quoth SWIFT ; tho' SWIFT could ſooner want any  
 Thing in the World, than a *Tantany*.  
 And thus not only made him *Grig*,  
 His *Parrot*, *Spaniel*, but his *Pig*.



To the Author of

**TOM PUN-SIBI**  
*Metamorphosed.*

**SHOULD** you want Rhymes again for  
*Gracum,*

I'll send you some if you bespeak 'em,  
But you're conceited, and won't take 'em.  
Take Three old Weathers, and their Rumps tye,  
And you will find a Rhyme to Cumpsty;  
Or should your Fiddle Strings your Drums tye.

It shews in Rhyming you're not far gone,  
Who could not find a Rhyme to Jargon,  
That you must call a Bargain *Bargon*.  
Had you but drank a Glass of Claret,  
Nay, had you thought upon a Carrot,  
You might have found a Rhyme to Parrot.  
You that have Bells to Ring and Chyme,  
To find you at a Loss to Rhyme!

Makes you a Scandal to all Pedlars  
In Verse, nay more, I say, to Fidlers.

Were

Were you not very dull and idle  
 You might be taught it from the *Bridle*;  
 The groaning Car that goes along,  
 Might furnish you with Rhymes for Song.  
 When you lampoon'd our Mayor the Taylor,  
 You call'd the Chancellor *Chansaylor*.  
 I think you're very much to blame,  
 You did not practice here the same.  
 Ah! those were happy Days of Wit,  
 When you found out the Term *Prick Nit*.  
 But now, alas, thy stubborn Brain,  
 Will no such Fancies entertain!  
 Thy Wit is pall'd, thy Judgment drown'd,  
 Thy shatter'd Keel is run a-ground:  
 And you that sail'd so well before,  
 Lye stranded on a barren Shore;  
 There ever destin'd to be held fast,  
 In a deep miry Slough near *Belfast*.



A L E T-



A LETTER to  
TOM PUN-SIBI.  
*Occasioned by Reading*  
*his excellent FARCE,*  
*called ALEXANDER'S*  
*Overthrow: Or, The*  
*Downfal of BABYLON.*

---

*Invidiam placare paras.*

Horat. Sat. 3. Lib. 3.

---

*Dear Tom,*

NOR Turkey fat, nor Goose in Country Hat,  
Nor Steed when Door of Stable's left unshut,  
Nor Silver Spoon, nor Thimble, Bodkin, Locker,  
Nor Watch in Fob, nor Handkerchief in Pocket,  
Is



58 A Letter to *Tom Pun-sibi*.

Is often nimm'd when Rogue comes fairly by't,  
Than are the Rhymes we Poets do indite.

With Watch by Night our Cattle we secure,  
With sturdy Mastiff or well bolted Door.

With Arms, or Crest, Sir *John* marks Spoons  
and Knives;

And honest *Ralph* with Husband's Name and  
Wife's.

*Dick's* Geese are known by Slit between their  
Toes,

And branded Buttock *Sorrel's* Master shows.

But Plag'ary to baulk none could devise,  
He Locks, and Bolts, and Brands, and Marks  
defies.

Maugre our utmost Care, it does surpass us,  
To guard th' Enclosures we have at *Parnassus*.

With such like Fate met *Virgil* heretofore,  
And future Ages will the same deplore.

*The ravish'd Lock* may, ravish'd once again,  
Leave *Pope* with his *Belinda* to complain.

And Plants which *Cowley* rais'd from noblest  
Seeds,

Be stole and set among some poultry Weeds.

Great *Gloc'ster's* Royal Grammar may with  
Slyness,

Be cribb'd, without Permission of his Highness.

WHEN on some Piece we've spar'd no Care  
nor Pains,  
Rack'd ev'ry single Thought, and squeez'd our  
Brains,

Till



## A Letter to *Tom Pun-sibi*. 59

Till Envy nee'r a Fault sees in the whole;  
 She then gives out, *The Composition's* stole.  
 Or else some Pyrate of the Quill comes on,  
 Seizes our Wares and vends them for his own.  
 In Coin like this have Poets oft been paid,  
 Nor *Pbæbus* self his dearest Sons could aid.

BUT thee, dear *Tom*, no like Disasters wait,  
 Thy happier Genius laughs at such a Fate.  
 Shou'd Envy now in human Shape appear,  
 Assume the Form and meagre Cheeks of (a)  
 G——r.

To tell the World *Tom Pun-sibi's* a Thief,  
 Full well she knows, she ne'er cou'd gain Belief,  
 She'll now in ev'ry Place, to Great, and Small,  
 Confess that you're a meer Original.  
 Nor need you fear that any can purloin  
 One Page, one Thought, one single Verse of thine.  
 Whether you teach us how to (b) *Pun by Rule*,  
 Or (c) *Punch* depute for Master of your School.

(a) G——r, having formerly endeavour'd to prove  
 this Author a Plagiary; upon seeing his Art of  
 Punning, declar'd candidly to the World, that  
 he believ'd that Piece to be entirely his own,  
 and none of it stolen.

(b) *The Art of Punning.*

(c) *The Farce, call'd, Punch turn'd School-*  
*master.*

Whether

60 A Letter to Tom Pun-sibi.

Whether y' invite the (a) *Dean* to eat your Pullets,  
Or arm the *Britons* stout with (b) *Beggar's* Bullets,  
Such a peculiar Manner and Design,  
Such Strokes, such Colours glare in ev'ry Line, }  
As prove the Hand that touch'd them to be }  
thine.

Like thine own (c) *Cæsar* thou dost make it  
known,  
That *What is thine, Dear Tummas, is thy own.*

---

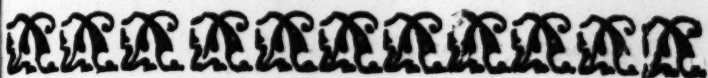
(a) *A famous Poem, in Imitation of Horace's—  
Si potes Archaisis, &c. From Mr. Sheridan  
to Dr. Swift, call'd, The Invitation.*

(b) *Alexander's Overthrow.*

(c) *Vide Sheridan's Master-picce, or Tom Pun-  
sibi's Folly compleat.*



TOM



TOM PUN-SIBI's  
*Farewel to the MUSES.*

---

*Ecce iterum Crispinus !*

---

THIS is to give Notice, I *Tom* the great  
Scribler,

The *Punster*, the *Poet*, the *Pedant*, the *Quibler*,  
The *Critick*, the *Antick*, the mighty *Comedian*,  
Of old—but of late the noted *Tragedian*.

Who, like the *Camelion*, ne'er stuck to one Co-  
lour,

Yet still as I changed I ever grew duller ;

Who, more than old *Ogilby*, *Hobbes*, or *Sylvester*,  
The World with voluminous Nonsense did  
pester,

Weak in my Attempts, press'd by Melancholy,  
Bid adieu to my former Amusements and Folly,

62      *Tom Pun-sibi's Farewel.*

In Hopes of Forgiveness, assure the whole Nation,  
Of this my sincere, tho' my late Recantation.

FAREWEL, my false *Muse*, by whose Infla-  
-gation,  
I freely submitted to every Temptation.  
Who for a dull Jest have betray'd thy poor  
    *Master,*  
To the Envy, and Malice of each *Poetaster*;  
Nay, made me more odious than gruff *Punchinello*,  
And cloath'd me with *Fustian* instead of *Prunello*,  
Yet bad as you are, not one among fifty,  
Will say (to my Sorrow) my Wife is so thrifty,  
That proud crowing Hen, that eternal *Xantippe*,  
*Parnassus*, farewell, farewell, *Aganippe*.

APOLLO, farewell, and ye *Muses Seraphick*,  
No longer in Metre shall *Pun-sibi* traffick:  
A Wife, and a *Muse*!—no need of the latter,  
The former may very well serve for a Satire.  
And since I must dance in a conjugal Fetter,  
I, of the two Evils, have chosen the better.

OH! wou'd that I never had tally'd with  
    *Phæbus*,  
Or traded in *Dogrel*, in *Puns*, or in *Rebus*!  
Ne'er medled with Catches, or Satires, or Farces,  
And lash'd at no-Thing, but at innocent A—!

---

• *Socrates's Wife, a noted Scold.*

But

Tom Pun-sibi's Farewel. 63

But Tom was conceited, and nought would content him,

But forsooth an *Exegi* (alas!) *Monumentum*.

Moreover, since now you've put me i' the Head on'r,

The dull *Poetaster* undid the good *Pedant* ;

For whilst with hard Labour and Toil I did hammer

Out of my thick Noddle an *exquisite Grammar*,

As *Jonathan* said) for a Word to come pat in

I maim'd all my Rules, and I butcher'd the *Latin*.

But frankly confests'd, that at length it was silly,

Altho' I at first had preferr'd it to *Lilly*.

In short, to be serious, I now must acknowledge,

I'm the Jest o' the Town, and *Burlesque* o' the College.

Thus have I miscarry'd in all my Adventures,

Was ever poor Mortal so set on the Tenters!—

Yet should I not thus my Calamity nourish,

But that I see wretcheder Criminals flourish ;

Who weekly perplex us with Journals and Libels,

And divert honest Folk from Reading their Bibles;

At least let 'em link me to some barking *Spaniel*

To *C—ffey*, *Jet*, *Black*, or the Journalist *Daniel*,\*

Who all are (like *Balaam*'s) but talkative Asses,

And pound us, if ever we graze on *Parnassus*.

---

\* Arbuckle.





TOM PUN-SIBI'S  
RESURRECTION  
*disproved.*

*Non vana redeat sanguis imagini  
Quam virga semel horrida,  
Non lenis precibus Fata recludere,  
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.*

Hor. Lib. 1. Ode 24.

WELL *Ralph*, howe'er you're pleas'd to  
strive,  
To make me think that *Tom's* alive;  
Nay, that he's well as Heart can wish,  
In goodly Plight, and sound as Fish;  
When there's an Elegy on's Death,  
With Epitaph put underneath,  
Such as himself has often made,  
When other Men in Grave were laid,

Or



Tom Pun-sibi's Resurrection. 65

Or help'd to make, *When Death the Tamer,*  
By *Mortgage* seiz'd the Corps of Demar;  
I needs must think it cannot fail,  
But *Tom* is dead as a Door Nail.  
Not only *Quatenus* School-master,  
Drole, Punster, Fidler, Poetaster,  
Not dead in Sin and foul Offence;  
Or in some other mystick Sense;  
But cruel Death has made a Morsel,  
Of *Thomas*' little outward Vessel;  
If you'd my Meaning plainer have,  
Why honest *Tom* is in his Grave,  
Bum-shot by *Obadiab Fizzle*,  
Which makes mine Eyes full sorely drizle.  
Or by that Engineer accurst,  
Hight *Fartinando Puffendorst*.  
But you to prove it all meer Talk,  
Tell me, He's seen in Streets to walk.  
What then, have you not often read,  
Of Men that walk'd, when they were dead?  
Especially when Vital Date,  
Was shorten'd by untimely Fate.  
But *He no Murderer accuses*,  
*Blames none*, you say, for such *Abuses*,  
But cries as loud as Tongue can bawl,  
That *He was never dead at all*.  
Well! *Partridge* did pretend the same,  
Swearing his Death was all a Flam,  
When the learn'd 'Squire had prov'd it plain,  
That he was Dead, and Dead again.

## 66 *Tom Pun-sibi's Resurrection.*

PRAY go to *Bedlam*, search it round,  
 For th' maddest Man that can be found.  
 Be th' Wretch's Senses ne'er so bad,  
 He'll always say, *He is not mad.*  
 But this you say, *can be no Goblin,*  
*That walks in Caple-Street, and Dublin,*  
*Cause he by Night's not only seen,*  
*As other Goblins oft have been :*  
*But thousands him have set their Eyes on,*  
*When Phœbus is above Horizon.*  
 But Goblins, Elves, you say, and Sprites,  
 Play all their Gambols in the Nights.  
 But soon as once the Cock does crow,  
 Away they're all compell'd to go.  
 And every Phantom disappear,  
 At Mattins sung by Chanticleere ;  
 Nor dare they come again in Sight,  
 Till Darkness and succeeding Night.

I TELL you that's a vulgar Error,  
 Kept up, lest (too much cow'd by Terror)  
 Miss ne'er shou'd leave her Nurse's Sight,  
 But dread the Day as well as Night.  
 And so, tho' Nan and Roger say,  
 That Goblins ne'er do walk by Day,  
 We, all our learned Doctors find,  
 Of other Sentiments and Mind ;  
 And many of 'em prove downright,  
 They walk by Day as well as Night.

ADMIT

Tom Pun-sibi's Resurrection. 67

ADMIT hethrash'd ye Two or Three,  
Who hawk'd about the ELEGY,  
And sent his Boys as you have hinted,  
To break the Press where it was printed.  
You take this for a Reason strong,  
That Tom's alive, I say, you're wrong.  
Can't Sprites and Goblins if they please,  
Beat, pinch, and play such Tricks as these?  
But Tom, I'm sure, were he alive,  
Some other Method wou'd contrive,  
Whereby the World might plainly know,  
That he is still in *Statu quo*.  
Than beat poor News-Boys into Mortar,  
Which might be done by any Porter.  
Something peculiar we shou'd see,  
Which none cou'd do but only he.  
And put us clearly out of Doubt,  
That *Vital Spark's* not yet gone out.

So when *John Coates* with learned Lore,  
Gives out that *Whalley* is no more;  
Pretending by the Stars to know,  
That he's gone down to Shades below,  
Him *Whalley* by such Art disproves,  
As all our Scruples quite removes,  
And shews us plain beyond Dispute  
That *Coates* is but a lying Brute.  
He does not go and thrash his Hide,  
Nor only tell us, he's bely'd :

This

## 68 Tom Pun-sibi's Resurrection.

This might be credited no better,  
By many than his own *News Letter*,  
But to confute his Brother *Quack*,  
He straight sends out his *Almanack*.  
Which, with such learned Cant he fills,  
Such Brags, and Stories of his Pills,  
Stuff'd with such Astrologic Fictions,  
Such Prophecies, and strange Predictions,  
As not a Man alive but he,  
In all the World can e'er foresee.

*TOM* was as cunning ev'ry Whit  
As *Whalley*, and had as much Wit,  
And were he living, I dare say,  
Wou'd take the very self same Way:  
Which had he done, I'd then believe,  
And freely own that he's alive,  
Had he but only writ a *Farce*,  
Or quaint *Ænigma* on his A——  
Another *Grammar* had compil'd,  
Or vamp'd up *Old*, anew for Child:  
Had he but some small Paper writ,  
With great Assurance, little Wit,  
And Affectation to Discerning,  
A *Hideous*, *Par'lous* deal of *Learning*.  
Full fraught with many a darling *PUN*,  
Some of them pilfer'd, some his own;  
Run up on Strings, like Onion Heads,  
As long as Father *Floody's* Beads.  
With Style like *Fabl'd* Toad, whose Drift's  
To swell it self as big as *SWIFT's*,

Tho'

## Tom Pun-fibi's Resurrection. 69

Tho' there's as much between them as is,  
Tween his *Birch-Rod*, and *Tully's Fasces*.

Now when I once shall come to find,  
But some small Proof of such a kind,  
I'll give my Word and Protestation,  
That I'll allow't for Demonstration,  
As plain as Two and Three make Five,  
That little *Thomas* is alive.  
Till then, whatever is pretended,  
I must believe, his Life is ended.  
And that it is some subtil Sprite,  
That does impose upon our Sight.  
That puts on *Thomas' Shape* and *Cloaths*,  
So flings its *Tail*, so cocks its *Nose* ;  
So scrapes *Sonatas*, and so *Thrums*,  
So *Clapper-Claws*, and *Firks* poor *Bums*.  
And does the nicest Judge beguile,  
In every Thing but in his Style ;  
His *Style*, nor *Goblin*, *Sprite*, nor *Elf*,  
Nor Man comes up to but Himself.



UPON





U P O N

R O V E R,  
*A* L A D Y ' s S p a n i e l .

*Instructions to a Painter.*

---

By Dean SWIFT.

---

**H**APPIEST of the *Spaniel-Race*,  
 Painter, with thy Colours Grace,  
 Draw his Forehead large and high,  
 Draw his blue and humid Eye,  
 Draw his Neck so smooth and round,  
 Little Neck with Ribbons bound,  
 And the *muscly* swelling Breast  
 Where the Loves and Graces rest.  
 And the spreading even Back,  
 Soft, and sleek, and glossy Black;  
 And the Tail that 'gently twines,  
 Like the Tendrils of the Vines;  
 And the filky twisted Hair,  
 Shadowing thick the *Velvet* Ear,

*Velvet*



*Velvet* Ears which hanging low,  
O'er the *Veiny* Temples flow.

WITH a proper Light and Shade,  
Let the winding Hoop be laid ;  
And within that arching Bower  
(Secret Circle, mystick Power)  
In a *Downy* Slumber Place,  
Happiest of the *Spaniel* Race,  
While the soft perspiring Dame,  
Glowing with the softest Flame,  
On the ravish'd Fav'rite pours  
Balmy Dews, Ambrosial Showers,

WITH thy utmost Skill express  
Nature in her richest Dress,  
*Limpid Rivers* smoothly Flowing,  
*Orchards* by those *Rivers* Blowing,  
Curling *Wood-bine* *Myrtle* Shade,  
And the gay enamel'd Mead ;  
Where the *Linnetts* sit and sing,  
Little Sportlings of the *Spring* ;  
Where the breatheing Field and Grove,  
Sooth the Heart, and kindle Love ;  
Here for me, and for the Muse,  
Colours of Resemblance chuse,  
Make of *Lineaments* Divine,  
Daply Female *Spaniels* shine.  
Pretty *Fondlings* of the Fair,  
Gentle *Damsels*, gentle *Care*,

But

But to one alone impart,  
All the Flatt'ry of thy Art.  
Croud each Feature, croud each Grace,  
Which compleat the desperate Face.  
Let the spotted wanton Dame,  
Feel a new resistless Flame,  
Let the Happiest of his Race,  
Win the Fair to his Embrace.  
But in Shade the rest conceal,  
Nor to Sight their Joys reveal,  
Lest the Pencil and the Muse  
Loose Desires and Thoughts *infuse*.



FR

To  
For  
D  
V



THE  
Poetical PREACHER  
*Occasioned by Reading  
Monsieur BAYLE's Com-  
mentary upon these Words,  
Compel them to come  
in, Luke xiv. 12.*

---

*A Verse may find Him who a Ser-  
mon flies.* HERB.

---

I.  
FROM this small Text the *furious Priest*  
takes Pains,  
To prove that *Christ* gave Power to persecute  
For *Conscience-Sake*; and he that beats out Brain:  
Does surely silence those he can't confute.  
VOL. III. H II. All

**H.**

All human Pow'r's from *God*, 'tis fully known,  
At least 'tis every Christian Man's Opinion;  
But *Conscience* is a Kingdom of *CHRIST*'s own,  
And cannot yield to human Pow'r's Domi-  
nion.

**III.**

A Prince is God's Vice-gerent, and 'tis fit,  
Men to his human Laws Obedience have;  
But sure no wise Man dares infer from it,  
The Prince has Pow'r the *Conscience* to enslave.

**IV.**

A Prince may think his own *Religion* true,  
And I may think the Prince's *Faith* not right;  
If He may hang me for't, I've nought to do,  
But be a *Martyr*, or an *Hypocrite*.

**V:**

COURT CHRISTIAN too for Im-  
morality  
May punish as some learned DOCTOR  
teach;  
But if they will into the *Conscience* pry,  
They grasp at what's entirely out of Reach.

VI. O

VI.

Our great REDEEMER, when on Earth,  
no doubt,  
To keep the *sacred Temple* pure and clean,  
With his own Hand *whipt* sundry Persons out,  
But I ne'er read that He whipt one Man in.

VII.

PETER and PAUL by *Words* struck dead  
and *blind*  
Some that oppos'd the HOLY GHOST's  
Commands ;  
And if our *Priests* can punish in that Kind  
They've Right to do't ; but not by th' Hang-  
man's Hands.

VIII.

Th' APOSTLES work'd a Miracle thereby,  
To shew the HOLY GHOST did them  
inspire ;  
But 'tis no Miracle to see Men die,  
By Force of *Halters*, or by *Flames* of Fire.



IX.

When *Zebed's* Sons ask'd Fire from HEAV'N  
to kill  
Those Men that had not CHRIST himself  
believ'd ;  
'Twas shocking to our blessed SAVIOUR's  
Will,  
And we all know what Answer they receiv'd.

X.

CHRIST's Ways to save were mild and meek  
to all,  
And such were his *Apostle's* chief Designs,  
With *Honey* fed the Ignorant ; not *Gall*——  
That's now the bitter Draught of *his Divines*.

XI.

If all *Divines* would take mild Courses then,  
To bring the scatter'd Members into Church  
One *Profelyte* so made would be worth ten,  
Of those that are *compell'd* into't by *Birch*.

XII. *Compel*



XII.

*Compel* is Force by *Penalties* and *Pains*  
Of Fire or other sanguinary Laws ;  
Says the *hot Priest* (who serves the CHURCH  
for Gains)  
And thus would propagate the ALMIGH-  
T Y's Cause.

XIII.

If two Men differ in Religious Ways,  
And mildly enter Controversy's Field,  
Does he speak *Nonsense*, who affirms or says,  
One was by *Reason's* Force compell'd to yield.

XIV.

A Man may be my utter Enemy,  
And still against one furiously contend,  
And yet 'tis possible that Man may be  
By Courtesy *compell'd* to be my Friend.

XV.

Thus to *compel*, 'tis clear and plain to me  
Was CHRIST's Intent to carry on his Cause,  
And fear 'tis little short of *Blasphemy*,  
To say He order'd *Sanguinary Laws*.

78 The Poetical Preacher.

XVI.

A Prince may punish *Schism* the High-Priest saith  
With human Penalties of Sword or Flame:  
If then a PRINCE succeeds of diff'rent  
Faith,  
Has He not just the *Right* to do the same.

XVII.

A Man of diff'rent *Faith*, yet free from *Strife*,  
That cannot be by *Arguments* confuted:  
If He for that must lose Estate or Life,  
I think that Man unjustly *persecuted*.

XVIII.

Where SUBJECTS all agree to keep the LAWS  
Made to preserve the KING, and guard the  
NATION,  
In my weak Judgment I can see no Cause,  
They should not have RELIGIOUS TOLERA-  
TION.

XIX.

If CHRISTIANS differ in some Point of CREED  
And all Points are not of the same Degree,  
If They must swallow ev'ry Point or Bleed,  
I own it seems *iniquitous* to me.

XX. P<sup>a</sup>

XX.

PAPISTS, 'tis true, within these Realms of ours,  
Are subjected to sundry *Penal Laws*,  
For bearing Fealty to the *Papal Powers*,  
And not for *Conscience* in Religious Cause.

XXI.

Wou'd they but own the KING's Supremacy,  
And strictly wou'd adhere to what they say,  
I know no cogent Argument that we,  
Should mind to *whom*, or *what*, or *how* they  
*pray*.

XXII.

The LORD o' th' Harvest as the *Gospel* saith,  
Will separate the WAEAT and TARES apart,  
Then every one must answer for their FAITH,  
For GOD and GOD alone can search the  
H E A R T.

XXIII. When

36 The Poetical PREACHER.

XXIII.

When the great SHEPHERD of his Flock makes  
Choice,  
He'll chuse them by their *Hearts*, and *not their*  
*Coats* :  
And those that have not here obey'd his Voice,  
Will have their Lodgings plac'd among the  
Goats.

XXIV.

If Men then are so fierce and cruel here,  
For *Conscience* Sake to do their *Neighbours*  
Hurt,  
And take away their LIVES, 'tis just to fear,  
'Without REPENTANCE GOD will judge them  
for't





*I O's Transformation  
into a Cow burlesqued.*

I.

YE Maidens fair, pray draw nigh and hear,  
A wonderful Story I'll tell you now,  
How *Inachus* lost his Daughter so dear,  
Poor Girl ! she was turned into a Cow.

*With a fa, la.*

II.

This Virgin's Name it was *Id* hight,  
As the Clerk of the Parishes Books do say,  
But a Virgin so tight, so fine, and so bright,  
You shall not see in a Summers Day.

*With a fa, la*

III.

Her Father was one of the River Gods,  
And the Waters of *Severn* he only look'd after,  
But it had been better for him by Odds,  
This Time to have watched those of his  
Daughter.

*With a fa, la.*

IV.

For she was the Daughter of a River,  
As most of our antient Records tell,  
And the best Commendation that they could  
give her,  
Was that she made Water wond'rous well.

*With a fa, la.*

V. At



## V.

At which one Day when *Jupiter* found her,  
 (A Whore-son-very much given to Vice)  
 He took her and laid her as flat as a Flounder,  
 And whipt off her Maidenhead in a Trice.

*With a fa, la.*

## VI.

And then to conceal it from *Juno* his Wife,  
 (As errant a Scold as ever was born)  
 What did he do for a quiet Life?

But poor *Io* He into a Cow did transform.

*With a fa, la.*

## VII.

Alas, poor Maiden! I'm much more beguil'd,  
 Than ever was Virgin sure by Half,  
 O' my Conscience instead of getting me with  
 Child,

This Rascally Rogue has got me with Calfe.

*With a fa, la.*

## VIII.

And now, fair Maidens: all beware,  
 Whether of City, Country, or Court,  
 Of this to take a special Care,  
 And see that ye are not cow'd at the Sport.

*With a fa, la.*

## IX.

And as, for the married Woman, she will  
 Of this my Counsel well allow,  
 Rather to make her Husband a Bull,  
 Than suffer her Husband to make her a Cow.

*With a fa, la.*



On a LADY's saying She  
hated Kissing.

I.

SYLVIA says, She loves not Kissing,  
'Tis a Thing She does despise ;  
But They'll say it is a Blessing,  
If you ask her roving Eyes.

II.

Gamesters cunningly conceal  
Their Play at first to win more from you;  
Women won't their Hearts reveal,  
Insensibly to gain upon you.

III.

In vain, like *Parthians*, they'd pretend  
Flying to wound the am'rous Lover,  
Would doating Boys but comprehend  
The Precepts which I now discover.

IV. Breasts

## IV.

Breasts heaving, glancing Eyes, hot Palm,  
 She says she hates you, don't believe her,  
 But tell her frankly you've a Charm,  
 To cure her of her raging Fever.

## V.

Dally no more, attack the Fort,  
 Possess the darling Spring of Pleasure,  
 And when you're wearied with the Sport,  
 Then stretch your wanton Limbs at Leisure.



THE

Pri

THE  
TOWER.  
A  
POEM.

---

— Illic postquam se lumine vero  
Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur & Astra  
Fixa polis, vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret  
Nostra Dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci.

*Lucan.*

*Tb' ambitious Winds with greater Spite combine,  
To shock the Grandeur of the stately Pine,  
The Height of Structures makes the Ruin large,  
And Clouds against high Hills their hottest Bolts  
discharge.*

*Norris.*

---



L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR, 1727.

THE

TOWER

BOOM



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sm





T O

*Sir Michael Newton,*

*Knight of the most Honourable Order of the BATH.*

S I R,



HERE I writing to a Gentleman of less Candour and Penetration, I should endeavour to make an Apology for my presenting you with a very dark Landscape, when the Bloom of Life, and Glitter of smiling Fortune, invite you to Prospects

## The *Dedication.*

pects of a different Nature, and you are entering into the most delightful and joyous Scene : At such a Time, a Pastoral embellished with flowery Lawns and rural Beauties might seem more agreeable than a Poem of a Tragic Nature, representing the Misfortunes of Princes and Grantees, and where we meet in every Page with faded Diadems, and broken Coronets.

BUT having had the Honour of receiving Variety of Favours from you, and been admitted by your indulgent Condescension to spend many happy Hours in your delightful Company, from which I never returned without a very sensible Refreshment and Improvement of Mind, I was willing to take some Opportunity of making a public Acknowledgment ; and this little Poem is all I have to offer, and is probably my last Attempt of this Nature, since it is now high Time for me to take my Leave of Poetical Amusements, which yield but a slender Defence against the  
Storms

## The *Dedication.*

Storms of adverse Fortune, and rather swell than alleviate every Grief by the Luxuriance of Imagination.

BESIDES in the most pleasant and triumphant Stations it may not be improper sometimes to cast a Glance or two on darker Objects, which, by way of Opposition will heighten those Pleasures, and improve the present Joy. Thus skilful Painters mingle Shades with their brightest Performances, which give a delicate Lustre to their nicest Touches, and richer Colours; and the *Egyptians* who were famous for their Wisdom as well as Grandeur and Magnificence, had Sepulchres among their Gardens.

I HAVE therefore some Reason to hope you will receive this Essay with your usual Goodness, and if in some Places it falls short of that Sprightliness which you were pleased to take Notice of in some of my juvenile Performances, will kindly

## The Dedication.

ly impute it to the Unhappiness of my present Circumstances, considering, that now I am so far from being encouraged with the Smiles of one of the politest Gentlemen in Europe, that I am entirely deprived of the Conversation of the learned World, and languish under most of the Disadvantages incident to human Nature.

My Design then in this Address is very different from the usual Aim of Dedications ; it is not to draw so bright a Character as Sir MICHAEL's, but to testify the deep Sense I retain of your peculiar Obligations, and humbly to desire the Continuance of those favourable Sentiments which you have been pleased to entertain concerning me.

To attempt a Panegyric is altogether needless, since One of the Wildest and Greatest Monarchs in the Universe has so far observed your shining Accomplishments, as to honour

## **The Dedication.**

Honour you with distinguishing Marks  
of his Regard.

AND how much you are both beloved and esteemed among your Fellow-Subjects sufficiently appears from what we hear in almost every Day's Conversation, and was very conspicuous in that great Majority of Votes by which you were returned (tho' it was the first Time you stood as a Candidate) Member of this present Parliament.

THESE Distinctions indeed are but the natural Fruits of that leading and particular Favour which Divine Providence presented you with in giving you so refined a Genius, and a Temper so charming and compassionate, which, were your Station as exalted as a certain celebrated Roman Emperor's, could never fail of rendering you like Him,

*The Delight of Mankind.*

THAT



## The Dedication.

THAT you may long adorn, both  
the private and publick Scenes of  
Life, and flourish for many Years as  
a Patriot, and a fine Gentleman, is  
the passionate Desire of

*Your most obliged,*

*and obedient Servant,*

THOMAS FOXTON.



THE

App  
Or,  
Ado  
But

And



THE  
T O W E R.



W H E N Beauty shines with a triumphant Air,  
And glitt'ring Scenes surround the lovely Fair,  
A thousand Vot'ries chearful Homage pay,

Applaud with Transport, and with Pride obey:  
Or, when victorious Princes gild the Throne,  
Adoring Crouds Majestic Grandeur own.  
But when dark Clouds the charming Prospect stain,  
And Fate pronounces Human Glory vain,

The

The gazing Throng from rising Shades retire,  
 Mute is each Voice, and silent ev'ry Lyre.  
 Thus when the Spring makes chearful Nature  
 gay,

And op'ning Flow'rs an Infant Bloom display,  
 Round verdant Arbours wing'd Musicians fly,  
 And rival Birds with warbling Accents vie :  
 But when rich Nature's lavish Painting fades,  
 And Lillies droop along the russet Glades,  
 The feather'd Choir no more inspire Delight,  
 No more adorn the Day, or beautify the Night.  
 My pensive Muse has long forgot to rove  
 Thro' flow'ry Fields, or trace the waving Grove;  
 She views no more the gaudy Rooms of State,  
 Nor basks in Rays which *Windsor's* Stars create,  
 Forsakes the Scenes where Joys with Beauty  
 join,

And Rubies triumph o'er the sparkling Wine.  
 She loves to visit sacred mournful Ground,  
 Where vaulted Iles return the hollow Sound,  
 Where kneeling Statues constant Vigils keep,  
 And round the Tombs the Marble Cherubs  
 weep :

Where the dim Windows shed Religious Light  
 And solemn Paintings strike upon the Sight.  
 Hence in my Verse no brilliant Pictures rise,  
 No verdant Landscapes, nor serener Skies ;  
 But awful Truths in fable Beauties drest,  
 And pensive Thoughts which wound the human  
 Breast :

## The TOWER. 95

For since fair *Eden's* lost, it is decreed  
That ev'ry Soul may mourn, and ev'ry Vein  
may bleed.

But lest the Preface should appear too long,  
And vain *Preludiums* shade the promis'd Song,  
Directly now the Subject I'll pursue,  
Tho' dark, yet Soft ; and tho' disastrous, New.

CALM was the Night, and pleasant every  
Cloud,

And Heaven's fair Queen in softer Beauty glow'd,  
While trembling Silver floated on the Main,  
And dancing Stars adorn'd the glassy Plain,  
When young *Berintus* banish'd from the Scenes  
Of rural Joys, and fresh returning Greens ;  
Rov'd round the Hill near that Majestick  
Tower,

Where lies the Emblem of Imperial Power,  
And Nobles oft have bled in a resistless  
Hour.

There, whilst he walk'd, deep Anguish rack'd his  
Mind,

And ev'ry Star, tho' bright, he call'd unkind.  
Alas ! (says he) how high my Sorrows rise,  
Swell in my Breast, and trickle from my Eyes ;  
Whilst full in View departed Joys return  
Like fleeting Ghosts, and vanish as I mourn :  
A wretched Exile from those Native Fields,  
Where blooming Nature matchless Pleasure  
yields,

Where

Where golden Sun-Beams mix with fainter Shades,  
 And tuneful Birds fly cross the spangled Glades;  
 Forc'd from the Charms of this delicious Home,  
 From Place to Place, from Town to Town I  
 roam :

Yet can no sov'reign Remedy be found,  
 To ease my Heart, or close my bleeding Wound.  
 My dear Companions now my Presence shun,  
 And coldly look upon their Friend undone :  
 Tedious and sad my Minutes roll along,  
 And constant Woes one wretched Scene pro-  
 long.

A drowsy Grief each Faculty invades,  
 And wraps the Soul in ever spreading Shades.  
 No fit Employment sooths my anxious Mind,  
 Nor social Life with various Pleasures joyn'd :  
 Now forc'd like *Adam* from his nuptial Bow'r,  
 I mourn each Step, and languish ev'ry Hour.  
 No pleasing Books my Study now adorn,  
 To bless the Night, and crown the rising Morn :  
*Milton's* majestick Lyre now lies unstrung  
 No more I trace the Glories of his Song,  
 And *Cowley's* Harp is on the Willows hung. }  
 Our Great Divines no more my Soul inspire,  
 With sacred Raptures, and celestial Fire ;  
 Those sweet Companions are for ever fled,  
 And thro' the Land in stragling Parcels spread ;  
 Why were those Volumes all adorn'd so gay,  
 And purest Gold profusely thrown away ?

No



# The T O W E R.

97

No more to bright Assemblées I repair,  
Abandon'd by the Rich, and slighted by the Fair.

NAY, the learn'd World, which brings me  
greater Pain,  
Have chang'd Caresses to a colder Strain,  
Which wounds the ge'nrous Breast no less  
than fierce Disdain.

What then remains to ease my raging Smart,  
But one soft Touch of Death's delicious Dart?  
Would Heav'n permit, how gladly could I feel,  
The tingling Sharpness of the pointed Steel;  
Rejoyce to see the sanguine Torrent flow,  
Since Shame and Grief have giv'n a deeper Blow.

Thus rov'd the Youth, and wand'ring did com-  
plain,  
His Sighs were fruitless, and his Tears were  
vain,  
And whistling Winds return'd the melanco-  
ly Strain.

Till quite fatigu'd with Agonies of Grief,  
He left the Hill, and sought from Sleep Relief,  
Then active Fancy form'd the Scene anew,  
And brought the *Tower* directly to his View;  
The same high Turrets glitter'd as before,  
And fresh He seem'd his Sorrows to deplore.  
When soon an Object fill'd him with Surprise,  
As to the *Tower* he rais'd his wond'ring Eyes,

98      The T O W E R.

There at an open Window he survey'd  
 A portly Man in Purple Cloaths array'd. \*  
 Uncommon Beauty had adorn'd his Face,  
 But Grief had stain'd and sully'd every Grace,  
 Then thus aloud — Cease, cease, fond Youth,  
     he cry'd,  
 And stem thy raging Grief's impetuous Tide.  
 Must Heaven's eternal Laws be chang'd for  
     Thee,  
 And bend to Passion, Dust, and Misery?  
 O'er all Mankind pale Grief extends his  
     Reign,  
 Victors and vanquish'd all must wear his  
     Chain,  
 Droop under piercing Woes, or toss in raging  
     Pain.  
 Then why, weak Man, dost Thou regret thy  
     Fate?  
 Wasthy Birth noble, or thy Fortune great?

---

\* Richard II. *Grandchild to King Edward III. being the Son and Heir of the Black Prince, and aged eleven Years, was after the Death of his Grand-father crowned King of England, July the 16th, Anno 1377, and was sent to the Tower in the twenty-third Year of his Reign, and from thence to Pontfract Castle in Yorkshire, where He was assassinated by Sir Pierce Exton, and eight other armed Men.*

How

# The T O W E R. 99

How oft have Royal Robes receiv'd a Stain,  
 And the Crown Jewels glitter'd all in vain?  
 The bright *Tiara* once adorn'd my Head,  
 And round my Temples regal Lustre shed,  
 But angry Fate my dazling State o'erturn'd,  
 And in this very Room the lonely Monarch  
 mourn'd.

My perjur'd Kinsman proudly seiz'd the Throne,  
 Whilst fickle Crouds the stern Usurper own.  
 Farther, to render all my Woes compleat,  
 I laid my Scepter at that Exile's Feet.

My blooming Bride to *France* was driven away,  
 And Love and Empire lost in one disastrous  
 Day.

From hence to distant Castles they convey'd,  
 Of princely Pomp the melancholy Shade.  
 There oft when Slumber clos'd my wearied Eyes,  
 Fallacious Scenes with antient State would  
 rise;

Again rich Jewels in the Crown would glow,  
 And shining Crouds at awful Distance bow:  
 But when I wak'd, and call'd my Guards  
 around,

Echo alone return'd the hollow Sound,  
 Or Ghosts that nightly skim'd along the fatal  
 Ground.

Thus dark and sad roll'd ev'ry tedious Hour,  
 When stripp'd of Empire, and depriv'd of Pow'r,  
 Nor only so, but trampled on by Scorn,  
 The Vulgar us'd me like a Wretch forlorn.

But Guilt and Fear rack'd HENRY's cruel Breast,  
Nor would the Furies suffer him to rest,  
Till Death had clos'd this finish'd Scene of  
Woe,

And the lost Prince receiv'd his fatal Blow.  
Just as the Dinner crown'd my lonely Board,  
And fainting Nature long'd to be restor'd,  
Nine furious Ruffians rush'd into the Room,  
Dark as the Skies o'ercast with angry Gloom,  
Death menac'd in their Looks, and fir'd my  
Blood,

And active Vigour ran thro' all the purple Flood;  
I view'd the Murd'ers with a fierce Disdain,  
Whilst sharp Resentment beat in ev'ry Vein,  
Traitors! your Doom was fix'd, nor did ye  
come in vain.

For like a Prince, I made a noble Stand,  
And snatch'd a Halberd from a Rebel's Hand;  
Resistless Slaughter hung upon the Blade,  
And four Assassins at my Feet I laid:  
In vain did they their sudden Fate deplore,  
They bled, they fell, and falling rose no more,  
The conscious Walls return'd their dying Sound,  
And mangled Limbs lay quiv'ring on the Ground.  
Then barbarous *Extor* slyly wrought my Fall,  
And kill'd a Man superior to them all:  
Had but the Traitor met my vengeful Eye,  
In vain the Pole-Ax had been lifted high;  
The Coward's Heart had sheath'd my sharper  
Steel,

And burst with Pangs a Villain ought to feel.  
Thus

# The T O W E R. 101

Thus spoke the Prince — and stately then withdrew,

Nor could the Youth the Royal Shade pursue.  
But whilst He mourn'd that Monarch's dismal  
Fate,

Reversed Empire, and dejected State,

He saw another Window op'ning wide,

And there a \* Person drest in Black descri'd,

A pious Air appear'd thro' all his Face,

And deck'd each Feature with an awful Grace,

But Sorrow there had left a dismal Trace. }  
How soon (He cry'd) does Human Glory fade,

Like springing Flowers that paint the verdant

Glade;

Not only fades, but turns to Gloom and Woe

By Heav'n's Decree, and Fate's resistless Blow.

When first I enter'd on this Earthly Ball,

A thousand Joys stood waiting for my Call ;

\* Henry VI. Son of King Henry V. an Infant of nine Months old, was crowned King, and the Duke of Gloucester made Protector of his Person and Realm ; and the Duke of Bedford established Regent of France. But in the thirteenth Year of the Reign of King Edward IV. was found dead in his Chamber in the Tower, being (as was reported) cruelly murdered, stabbed with a Dagger by the Duke of Gloucester, King Edward's Brother.

K 3

Deck'd



Deck'd with the Lustre of my Father's Name,  
Who conquer'd *France*, and gain'd immortal  
Fame,

His noble Sword receiv'd a Scarlet Stain,  
And vet'ran Armies bled in one Campaign.  
Scarce had nine Moons roll'd softly o'er my  
Head,

And springing Bloom an Infant Beauty shed,  
But *England* join'd with *France*, proclaim'd me  
King,

And sounding Fame stretch'd ev'ry dazling Wing.  
Majestick Lyons round my Standards shin'd,  
And mingling Lillies glitter'd in the Wind.

My Coronation follow'd; and a Boy  
Receiv'd the Ensigns of Imperial Joy:

The Royal Ring with blended Jewels gay  
Did round my Temples dazling Gleams display:  
The polish'd Saphire shed a Heavenly Blue,  
While trembling Green from spotless Em-  
ralsds flew,

And lovely Rubies shone triumphant to the  
View.

But soon my smiling Skies were overcast,  
And Storms arose with Death in every Blast.  
First *France* revolted from our mild Command,  
And *English* Blood enrich'd the *Gallic* Land.  
Then dire Rebellion rais'd her monstrous Head,  
And thro' the Land fermenting Poison spread:

The T O W E R. 103

First a vile Ruslick \* did the Laws oppose,  
And the mad Croud in giddy Tumults rose :  
The haughty Wretch elate to *London* came,  
Presumptuous, scatter'd wild Sedition's Flame }  
Nor fear'd the Terror of the Royal Name. }  
But Vengeance soon the daring Miscreant found,  
And his dire Faction sunk beneath the mighty  
Wound.

Yet then, Heav'n knows, no keen Resentment  
stain'd

The joyful Triumph which our Arms had gain'd;  
Five hundred Pris'ners shar'd our Princely }  
Grace, }  
Reviving Mercy shew'd an Angel's Face,  
And set the Wretches free from Torture and }  
Disgrace.

Some few Examples Justice did demand,  
To teach Obedience to a fickle Land.  
Then factious YORK with vain Ambition fir'd,  
To lawless Pow'r and distant Crowns aspir'd :  
What Streams of Blood thro' all the Land were  
shed !

And his *White Rose* was dy'd with fatal *Red* !  
Brothers with Brothers were at mortal Strife,  
Nor did the Son regard his Father's Life.  
Whilst Death in Triumph stalk'd through all the  
Land,  
And Nature mourn'd his unrelenting Hand.

---

\* *Jack Cade.*

Witness

104      The T O W E R.

Witness *St. Albans*, where five thousand bled,  
And mighty Warriors mingled with the Dead.  
There, SOMERSET receiv'd his fatal Wound,  
And CLIFFORD's Blood distain'd the hostile  
Ground.

Upon my Neck a roving Arrow flew,  
Just pierc'd the Skin, and rais'd a sanguine Dew;  
A nobler Arm had sent it to my Heart,  
And set me free from ev'ry future Smart.  
To a low Cottage then the Monarch fled,  
And a thatch'd Roof receiv'd a Royal Head:  
No Palace now with Cedar nobly ceil'd,  
Nor Beds of Silk could downy Slumbers yield.  
Then faithless YORK pretended to be mild,  
And with false Arts his easy Prince beguil'd:  
No solemn Oaths his restless Soul could bind,  
And all his Vows were scatter'd in the Wind.  
So Tygers couch the better to survey,  
The Soil around, and seize their destin'd Prey.  
His native Pride with double Rage return'd,  
And vengeful Plots in his dark Bosom burn'd:  
Again new Armies try'd the doubtful Field,  
And Treach'ry made our fainting Squadrons  
yield;

Had GREY stood firm, the Conquest had been sure,  
And bleeding *England* found a speedy Cure.  
Hard Fate, that thus rebellious Armies rose,  
Their gentle Sov'reign vilely to depose;  
Since fiercest Traytors own'd my Temper meek,  
My guiltless Blood how could their Malice  
seek?

But

The T O W E R. 105

But when mad Fury poisons all the Blood,  
And rolls in Tides along the reeking Flood,  
Tumultuous Crouds rush on without Controul,  
And savage Passion shakes the spotted Soul.  
Courfers untam'd, thus scour along the Plain,  
And snuff the swifter Wind with fierce Dis-

dain,  
Nor can the Charioteer their flying Race re-  
strain.

Whilst thus Success on haughty YORK did wait,  
He enter'd *London* in triumphant State.

A naked Sword before Him fiercely gleam'd,  
And from his Eyes a sparkling Sternness stream'd.  
Could such a Prince give anxious Nations Rest?  
Or chase Vexation from the throbbing Breast?  
Rather He spread destructive Mischief round,  
Swell'd every Grief, and tortur'd every Wound.  
But Vengeance shaded all his Schemes with  
Death.

And fleeting Grandeur vanish'd with his Breath,  
Just at the op'ning of blest *Christmas* Day,  
When Joy prevails, and ev'ry House looks gay;  
When grateful Transports warm each Zealous  
Breast,

With bright Ideas of eternal Rest.

*Wakefield* then paid what sam'd St. *Albans* ow'd:  
And sinking YORK atton'd for STAFFORD'S  
Blood.

But what avails a transient Gleam of Joy,  
One sudden Turn did all my Hopes destroy.

The

The Son accomplish'd what the Father sought,  
 Ev'ry dark Scheme to full Perfection  
 brought,

And Victory crown'd the Youth beyond his  
 utmost Thought.

He gain'd the Glories of Imperial Power,  
 Whilst weeping HENRY languish'd in the *Tower*.  
 When seven long Years were spent in pungent  
 Grief,

Fallacious Pleasure gave a short Relief:  
 Again my Crown with Triumph was restor'd,  
 And willing Nations own'd their injur'd Lord.  
 But cruel Fate soon made the Blessing vain,  
 Short was the Bliss, and transient was my Reign.  
 WARWICK (like MERLIN) rais'd a Fairy Scene,  
 The Palace glitter'd, and the Groves look'd  
 green.

Yet soon we saw their richest Beauties fade,  
 Sink deep in Night, and mingle with the Shade;  
 To this Apartment I again return'd,  
 And here a Pris'ner all my Life I mourn'd.  
 My only Son, just in his op'ning Bloom,  
 With barb'rous Rage was hurry'd to his Tomb:  
 The proud Usurper gave the leading Blow,  
 Then mingling Swords made Purple Torrents  
 flow.

With various Wounds they made his Bosom  
 gay,

And low on Earth young bleeding EDWARD lay.  
 So the fair Lilly leans his drooping Head,  
 When newly torn from his delicious Bed.

GLOS'TER



# The T O W E R. 107

GLOS'TER and HASTINGS then in Blood combin'd,

And WARWICK's Rage with DORSET's Ponyard join'd.

But righteous Vengeance fell on ev'ry Head,  
 And in their Turns the guilty Nobles bled.  
 Thus num'rous Sorrows did my Glory stain,  
 And piercing Grief rack'd ev'ry trembling Vein.  
 No flagrant Crimes produc'd this mighty Woe,  
 Nor did my Mis'ry from my Vices flow,  
 From Virtue's Paths I never loosely stray'd,  
 But, tho' a Prince, Religion's Laws obey'd:  
 I preserv'd Devotion with assiduous Care,  
 And stood secure from ev'ry sensual Snare.  
 The proudest Beauties dress'd in all their Charms,  
 Could never tempt me to their wanton Arms.  
 No savage Fierceness ever stain'd my Mind,  
 No Rebels meek, and e'en to Traytors kind.  
 Yet was my Life to Grief a wretched Prey,  
 And rending Storms drove ev'ry Sweet away:  
 Till GLOS'TER's Sword push'd on my fatal  
 Hour,  
 And Royal Blood distain'd the mournful Tower.  
 Then to St. Paul's my Body was convey'd,  
 And my pale Face to open View display'd.  
 When trickling Blood ran fresh from ev'ry  
 Wound,  
 For Vengeance call'd and stain'd the sacred  
 Ground.  
 No gaudy Trophies at my Fun'ral blaz'd,  
 No Torches shone, nor crouding Legions gaz'd:  
 No

108      The T O W E R.

No solemn Service, nor harmonious Choir,  
Nor swelling Organs did the Soul inspire,  
To scorn terrestrial Joys, and raise her Withes  
                                 higher.

But dismal Silence thro' the Abbey reign'd,  
And awful Gloom unrivall'd State maintain'd.

He ceas'd—And CLARENCE\* to the Window  
                                 came,

Once a bright Warrior of extended Fame;  
Oft had He triumph'd in the doubtful Field,  
And mark'd with Crimson his victorious Shield;  
But by his Brother's treach'rous Arts betray'd,  
His lofty Plumes deep in the Dust were laid,  
Soil'd with Despair and Death's malignant  
                                 Shade.

The sprightly Product of the gen'rous Vine,  
Which warms the Heart, and makes the Fancy  
                                 shine,

Destroy'd the Duke with a surrounding Flood  
Stiffen'd each Nerve, and froze his vital Blood  
He told *Berinthus* his disastrous Death,  
And how indignant He resign'd his Breath;  
The Murd'ers Guilt in lively Colours drew,  
Then sought the Shade, and silently with-drew

---

\* Brother to King Richard III.

WHEN \* two bright Youths at Distance did  
appear,

Like *April* Flourets in the infant Year:  
When balmy Violets sip the silver Dew,  
And pleasant Show'rs still keep their Verdure  
new.

The Eldest shone in Cloaths of glossy Red,  
Around his Breast a Star rich Lustre shed,  
And ductile Gold in gay Meanders spread.  
Of softer blue the Younger wore a Vest,  
With silver Sprigs and fine Embroid'ry drest,  
Then thus the foremost to *Berinthus* cry'd,  
Curb thy Desires, and mortify thy Pride;  
Obscure thy Birth, and thy Descent was mean,  
See here the Off-spring of a beauteous Queen,  
Who pass'd thro' Woes unknown, and trod  
the darkest Scene.

Our faithless Uncle treach'rous Arts prepar'd,  
And prov'd our Bane who should have been our  
Guard,

When set on Murder, and intent on Blood,  
He loudly clamour'd for the publick Good.  
He like a speckled Serpent roll'd along,  
And darted Mischiefs from his forked Tongue:

---

\* *King Edward V. and his Brother. The Former  
reigned but two Months and ten Days.*

Tho' soft his Speech, and flatt'ring were his  
Words,

They stung like Asps, and pierc'd like pointed  
Swords.

In vain two Nations own'd me as their King,  
And joyful Shouts made Heav'n's high Arches  
ring,

Since, all my Palace was this fatal *Tow'r*,  
And piercing Grief stain'd ev'ry youthful Hour.  
No proper Marks of Honour here were  
shown,

The Sweets of Pow'r and Lustre of a Throne,  
To Me, a Monarch, were alike unknown.

But the proud Tyrant could not rest secure,  
Till this young Prince was likewise in his  
Pow'r ;

With show'ry Eyes the Queen resign'd her Son,  
And her Delight for ever then was gone.

Relentless TYRREL to our Chamber came,  
Just as the Sun diffus'd a rosie Flame,

He cut us off from the reviving Light,

And seal'd our Eyes in Shades of lasting Night.

THUS perjur'd RICHARD gain'd the tempt-  
ing Crown,

Whilst in his Breast the lashing Furies frown.

They spread a Terror thro' his anxious Breast,

And ghastly Spectres broke his balmy Rest ;

Where Guilt comes on, there Terror lags be-  
hind,

And dreadful Tempests gather in the Wind.

THUS

## The T O W E R. III

THUS having said, the Princes went their  
Way,

And the Lord \* HASTINGS did his Fate display,  
Who lost his Life by GLOS'TER's cruel Rage,  
That Bane of Peace, and Monster of the Age,  
The Tears distill'd as He rehears'd his Woe,  
Th' insulting Tyrant, and the sudden Blow.  
Strong Gulls of Passion seem'd to shake his  
Breast,

And moving Strains his inward Grief confest.  
I rose (said He) upon my fatal Day  
With active Strength and manly Vigour gay;  
My vital Flood roll'd with unusual Haste,  
Conscious that Morning was to prove my  
last:

---

\* The Lord Hastings was ever faithful to King Edward IV. and his Family. Him the Protector attempted by great Gifts and Promises to win to his Party, but finding it was in vain, He Himself arrested Him, and accused Him of High Treason, and forthwith without any other Proceedings and Judgment, caused him to be carried out into the Green (they being then in the Tower) and his Head to be cut off.



But heedless I, of future Joys presum'd,  
And sunk in Death when all my Wishes  
bloom'd.

Had I observ'd the courteous STANLEY's Dream  
My happy Flight had been a joyful Theme  
For all my Friends; GLOS'TER alone had  
mourn'd,

And I in Pomp with RICHMOND had return'd.  
But when we fall by Heaven's unchang'd De-  
cree,

We take no Warnings, nor no Snares we see.  
But rush intrepid on resistless Fate,  
Bleed as we think, and then repent too late.  
Tho' Zeal for Orphans seem'd to work my  
Fall,

Yet \* EDWARD's Death for sure Revenge did  
call :

That scarlet Crime hung heavy o'er my Head,  
And my last Hours with Terror overspread.

---

\* Son to King Henry VI.

HE ceas'd, and soon a \* Lady did appear  
 With Eyes serene, and with an Aspect clear,  
 In softest Accents she declar'd her Doom  
 How jealous Rage did blast her early Bloom,  
 And chang'd her Palace to a silent Tomb.  
 No soft Entreaties HENRY'S Heart could move,  
 Stern to the Fair, and cruel to his Love.  
 Yet Virtue gilds the darkest Fields of Night,  
 Shines thro' Distress, and paints Affliction  
 bright.

A venerable † Man next took his Turn,  
 From whom the wisest might Instruction learn.

\* Queen Anne Boleyn, in the twenty-eighth Year of King Henry VIII's. Reign was apprehended and sent to the Tower, where shortly after She was arraigned before the Duke of Norfolk (sitting as High Steward) and twenty-six Peers, and answered so fully to all Objections, that the Peers had acquitted Her but for the Duke of Suffolk, who wholly applied Himself to gratify the King's Humour, and She was condemned to Death, either to be burnt in the Green, or to be beheaded, at the King's Pleasure.

† Sir Thomas More was sent to the Tower in the twenty-sixth Year of the Reign of King Henry VIII.

The *Chancellor* a noble Figure made,  
 In all his proper Ornaments array'd:  
 As when He sat in Council at the Board,  
 Or injur'd Suppliants to their Rights restor'd.

Thus he began—What Mortal can be sure  
 His Joys shall last, or Grandeur stand secure?  
 Progressive Learning did my Youth adorn,  
 And not one Cloud to shade the smiling Morn;  
 Still as my Years increas'd Success came on,  
 And prosp'rous Hours in beauteous Circles  
 shone.

My Royal Master made each Minute fair,  
 And brought me forward with indulgent Care.  
 Did not disdain to treat me like a Friend,  
 Or vacant Hours with Me familiar spend.  
 Oft in the grateful Silence of the Night,  
 When twinkling Stars display'd a beauteous  
 Light,

Their rolling Orbs together we survey'd,  
 And joint Remarks upon their Nature made.  
 Yet Storms unseen with sudden Fury rose,  
 Fomented Jars, and banish'd soft Repose.  
 Nought but my Death my Sov'raign then  
 could please,

(Rough and tempestuous like the Northern  
 Seas )

Nor pious FISHER's Death his flaming Wrath  
 appease.

No friendly Planet then its Influence shed,  
 To keep the Steel from my devoted Head:

Yet

# The T O W E R.

115

Yet with due Courage I my Life resign'd,  
And abject Fear deliver'd to the Wind.

He added not—and then an \*Earl appear'd,  
For rising Grandeur once by all rever'd.  
Tho' low his Birth, tho' his Descent but mean,  
He well became the most exalted Scene;  
His matchless Virtues brighten'd ev'ry Place  
He shone in all with a superior Grace,  
To garter'd Dukes, and Lords of noblest  
Race.

Then thus the Earl BERINTHUS did address,  
Thy swelling Grief's impetuous Tide suppress.  
Thro' all the Earth promiscuous Sorrows fall,  
And rack the Tenants of this earthly Ball:  
From Him whose Feet on Golden Carpets  
tread,  
To lab'ring Peasants in the lonely Mead.  
Once constant Pleasures did my Hours em-  
ploy,  
In new Delights and fresh redundant Joy.

---

\* Thomas Cromwell, *Earl of Essex*, in the thirty-second Year of the Reign of King Henry VIII. was unexpectedly apprehended sitting at the Council-Table, and committed to the Tower, was accused in Parliament of Treason and Here-  
sy, and without being brought to his Answer, was condemned and beheaded.

In

In Church Affairs the King's Vicgerent  
made,

The Infant Reformation claim'd my Aid,  
Had all my Heart, and thriv'd beneath my  
Shade.

Till haughty NORFOLK with the Monks com-  
bin'd,

And wrought my Fall, with crafty SURREY  
join'd.

Impartial Justice strict Reprisals made,

And SURREY's Head as low as mine was laid;

Nor could his Wit or polish'd Genius save

The busy States-man from an early Grave.

Heav'n knows the constant Tenour of my Life,

Was fill'd with Love, not stain'd with Wrath  
and Strife.

By various Ways I Gratitude express,

And chac'd Dejection from the anxious Breast,

Stood by my Friends when sinking in the Shade,

And num'rous Woes their fainting Hearts dis-  
may'd.

Thus when aspiring WOLSEY's Hopes were  
lost,

And Nobles strove who should disgrace Him  
most,

In open Parliament my Friend I own'd,

And call'd for Pity when the Monarch frown'd.

Yet, I confess, when my own Death drew near,

My Courage droop'd beneath prevailing Fear:

In abject Terms, submissive, I implor'd

Pardon (in vain) from my relentless Lord.

What



The T O W E R. 117

What He deny'd the King of Kings bestow'd,  
And heavenly Love in boundless Currents  
flow'd.

HE said no more——Then \* SOMERSET  
came on,  
Who once sublime in his Meridian shone,  
Protector of the King, and Guardian of his  
Throne.

At once the Prince's and the Subject's Joy,  
His Bliss ran clear without the least Alloy,  
Till spotted Envy rais'd her direful Head,  
And with Her Venom struck the Hero dead.  
The Hill was crouded when the Patriot dy'd,  
And grizly Death in all his Pomp defy'd.  
Oft had He view'd Him on the martial Plain,  
Nor fear'd his Terrors in the red Campaign.  
Undaunted therefore He resign'd his Breath,  
Smil'd on his Pain, and beautify'd his Death.  
But piercing Grief seiz'd EDWARD's Royal  
Breast,  
And Pangs of Sorrow not to be express.

---

\* In the sixth Year of King Edward VI. the  
Duke of Somerset was sent to the Tower, and  
tho' the King laboured to save his Uncle, yet by  
the Violence of his Enemies, he was brought to  
the Scaffold two Months after his Condemna-  
tion.

Dissolv'd

118      The T O W E R.

Diffolv'd in Tears, the Monarch c<sup>d</sup> would  
say,

Would no kind Friend for noble SEYMOUR  
pray,

Or try to stem the Tide which bore his Life  
away !

The Duke at large did to the Youth relate  
His splendid Life and his exalted State,  
How suppliant Nobles waited at his Call,  
And Nations wept at his disastrous Fall.

THEN He withdrew—And a young \* Lady  
came,

Whose matchless Virtues far transcended Fame  
Uncommon Wit with perfect Beauty join'd;  
Fair was her Face, but brighter was her Mind:  
She seem'd to stand in richest Garments dress'd,  
And clust'ring Rubies glitter'd on her Breast.  
Hard was my Fate the blooming Virgin cry'd,  
Condemn'd when Queen, and mourning when  
a Bride,

Yet 'tis well known I never sought the Crown  
Empire I slighted, and despis'd Renown.  
In solid Learning plac'd my chief Delight,  
The Pleasure of the Day, and Solace of the  
Night.

---

\* Lady Jane Gray.

But

The T O W E R. 119

But envious Death soon rifled all my Charms,  
And rudely snatch'd me from my DUDLEY's  
Arms.

Thus sudden Storms lay blooming Gardens  
waste,

The lovely Beds of Flow'rs are all defac'd,  
And fragrant Blossoms fall before th' impetu-  
ous Blast.

Then brighter Scenes did open to my View,  
For ever glorious and for ever new ;  
Celestial Flow'rs smil'd with unfading Red,  
And Heav'nly Crowns immortal Lustre shed.

THE Lady ceas'd——next at the Window  
shone

A youthful \* Warriour, once of great Renown,  
Who joyful fill'd the most illustrious Scene,  
The happy Fav'rite of a Virgin Queen:

Whose potent Arms made vet'ran Squadrons  
yield,

And gain'd rich Trophies from the bloody Field.

Not only so, but triumph'd on the Main,

And sunk th' *Armada* of insulting *Spain*.

This mighty Princess made his Grandeur bright,

Still near the Throne, and frequent in her Sight,

---

\* Robert D' Evereux, *Earl of Essex*, was sent  
to the Tower, and beheaded 1601.

But

But flatt'ring Fortune stabb'd him with a Smile,  
 And fond Ambition did His Hopes beguile.  
 At once He lost His Honour and his Head,  
 And Royal Favours vanish'd as He bled.  
 He told his Charge with a becoming Air,  
 How dark his Exit, and his Life how fair;  
 Then sudden vanish'd from *Berintus* Sight,  
 And sought the lonely Covert of the Night.

BEHOLD, great RALEIGH next appears in  
 View,

Whose spotless Fame will shine for ever new.  
 The Camp or Cabinet could well adorn,  
 And Plans project for Nations yet unborn.  
 He heard the Waves in all their Terror roar,  
 And view'd the Product of each distant Shore,  
 Where roughest Storms and driving Snow pre-  
 vail,  
 Or Zephirs breathe in ev'ry balmy Gale.

---

\* Sir Walter Raleigh in the Year 1618. was committed to the Tower, and thence brought to the King's Bench-Bar, where the Record of his Conviction at Winchester was read, and it was demanded why Execution should not be done upon Him according to the former Judgment. He answered, that His Judgment was voided by the late Commission given Him by the King. Notwithstanding He was beheaded next Morning.

# The T O W E R. 121

He well describ'd the Wonders He survey'd,  
And all the World with beauteous Art display'd ;

Rais'd antient Heroes from the Shades of Night,  
And plac'd their Virtues in the fairest Light.  
Consummate Wisdom breathes in ev'ry Line,  
Where sprightly Wit, and solid Learning shine.  
Aloud the Hero cry'd, with some Disdain,  
My Care was fruitless, and my Labour vain,  
BRITANNIA's Glory thro' the Earth to spread,  
Or save my Prince when sinking to the dead.  
Charg'd with black Crimes I languish'd in this

*Tow'r,*

And studious Grief fill'd ev'ry circling Hour.  
Yet Prison Sorrows did my Soul refine,  
Made Virtue thrive, and patient Meekness  
shine.

So Jewels set in Jet more bright appear,  
And the dark Foil makes all their Beauties  
clear,

Then one sharp Sentence set me free from Pain  
The bleeding Victim of revengeful *Spain*.

Then full in view there came a stately \* Peer,  
Whose Grandeur once the Nobles did revere, }  
Him Princes view'd, with Wonder and with  
Fear.

---

\* Thomas Wentworth *Earl of Strafford*  
*was executed Anno 1640.*

VOL. III.

M

But



But furious Storms the sinking States-man tost,  
 In wild Ambition's boundless Whirlpool lost,  
 Long did the King prevent the dismal Blow,  
 And screen the *Victim* from his destin'd Woe.  
 At last, quite tir'd, he gave the Torrent way,  
 And fix'd the Time for STRAFFORD's fatal  
 Day.

The Earl in Accents of Pathetic Woe,  
 Did to the Youth his Tragick Hist'ry show.  
 Harsh were my Foes, and cruel was their  
 Hate,

To urge my Doom, and bring resistless Fate,  
 They made new Laws, and shock'd the tot-  
 t'ring State.

Thus while He spake, strong Passion dim'd his  
 Face,

And pale Regret discolour'd ev'ry Grace.  
 No more his Visage with a Lustre shone,  
 But frowning He look'd back, and mourning  
 hurry'd on.

WHEN He went off, to close the Tragic  
 Scene,  
 A sprightly \* Youth advanc'd in beauteous  
 Green.

---

\* James Duke of Monmouth was beheaded  
 in the Year 1685.

Rich

## The TOWER.

123

Rich as the Colours of the shining Field,  
When blooming Groves their fragrant Ver-  
dure yield.

A glossy Scarf across his Bosom shone,  
And shed a Lustre as the Duke came on.  
In me (He cry'd) the wond'ring World sur-  
vey'd,

How Glory fleets, and noblest Triumphs fade.  
My early Years were joyful, bright, and  
fair,

I thriv'd beneath my Father's Royal Care,  
And various Honours did his Love declare.

Then num'rous Titles did my Youth adorn,  
And the rich blue by sov'reign Princes worn.  
In foreign Realms by Arms I gain'd Re-  
nown,

And rising Laurels did our Battles crown.  
But ah! too soon in strong Pursuit of Fame,  
To BRITAIN'S Coast our luckless Vessel came;  
Tho' flatt'ring Gales their best Attendance  
paid,

And round the Shrouds and waving Streamers  
play'd.

Yet grim Despair check'd our advent'rous  
Haste,

And Death stood near our brightest Hopes to  
blast.

M 2

The

The tardy Nobles came not to my Aid,  
I gain'd but one, and He the Cause betray'd.  
(But soon these Lords their Bondage did deplore,  
And call'd a Hero from the *Belgic* Shore. \*)  
Yet joyful Crouds proclaim'd their Darling King,  
And with their Shouts they made the Skies to ring,  
While beauteous Ladies did their Art display,  
And with Embroid'ry made my Standards gay.  
But swift Disaster all this Pomp o'erturn'd,  
My Foes rejoyc'd, and Friends in Torture mourn'd.  
Their Wounds and Pain gave me the greatest Smart,  
Rack'd every Vein, and stabb'd my bleeding Heart.  
They made a noble Push to gain the Field,  
Fought as they fell, nor dying would they yield.  
Nor I my self did Death nor Danger fear,  
Led on the Front, and glitter'd in the Rear,  
Till quite o'erpow'r'd I took my lonely Flight,  
Lay hid all Day, and only rov'd by Night.

---

\* King WILLIAM.

The

## The TOWER. 125

The hollow Wind around me did complain,  
And my rich Cloaths were drench'd with driving Rain.

What Courage then could warm the ebbing Blood,

When fainting Nature loudly call'd for Food?  
When the pale Moon her waning Silver shed,  
And Spectres skimm'd o'er Mansions of the Dead.

Careful I travers'd ev'ry neighb'ring Field,  
And pluck'd the Fruits that rural Scenes would yield.

But soon by watchful Avarice betray'd,  
For this strong Tower I chang'd the softer Shade.

On yonder Hill resign'd my fleeting Breath,  
And own'd my Notions in the Face of Death.  
Freely resign'd when awful Fate did call,  
Bright was my Rise, disastrous was my Fall.  
So, some fair Morn in lovely Crimson drest,  
Delights the World, and glitters in the East;  
The tuneful Birds their cheerful Mattins sing,  
Pearch on the Tree, or stretch a bolder Wing:

But in few Hours tempestuous Clouds arise,  
And gath'ring Gloom shades all the low'ring Skies.

Fierce Lightning's flash, and dreadful Thunders roll,

And Terrors spread round ev'ry distant Pole:

Resistless Storms despairing Navies rend,  
And shatter'd Fleets to watry Death descend.

THEN young *Berinthus* started in a Fright,  
And with the Duke there fled his Vision, and  
the Night.







*An excellent New SONG  
on his Grace the Arch-  
Bishop of DUBLIN.*

---

*By Honest \* Jo. one of his Grace's  
Farmers in Fingal.*

---

I.

I SING not of the *Draper's* Praise;  
Nor yet of *William Wood*;  
But I sing of a *famous Lord*,  
Who seeks his *Country's* Good.

---

\* *Dean SWIFT.*

II. *Lord*

## II.

Lord William's Grace of Dublin Town,

'Tis He that first appears,

Whose Wisdom and whose Piety

Do far exceed his Years.

## III.

In ev'ry Council and Debate,

He stands for what is right;

And still the Truth He will maintain,

Whate'er He loses by't.

## IV.

And tho' some think Him in the wrong,

Yet still there comes a Season,

When ev'ry one turns round about,

And owns his Grace had Reason.

## V.

His Firmness for the Publick Good,

As He that knows it swore,

Has cost his Grace for ten Years past,

Ten thousand Pounds and more.

VI. Then

VI.

Then come the Poor, and strip Him,  
They leave him not a Cross ;  
For He values not five hundred Pounds  
Any more than *Woods's* Dross.

VII.

To beg His Favour is the Way  
New Favours still to win,  
He makes no more to give ten Pounds,  
Than I to give a Pin.

VIII.

Why, there's my Landlord, now the 'Squire  
Who all in Money wallows,  
He wou'd not give a Groat to save  
His Father from the Gallows.

IX.

A *Bishop*, says the noble 'Squire,  
I hate the very Name ;  
To have two thousand Pounds a Year,  
O! 'tis a burning Shame.

X. Two

X.

Two thousand Pounds a Year!—Good Lord—  
And I to have but five;  
And under Him no Tenant yet  
Was ever known to thrive.

XI.

Now from his Lordship's Grace I hold  
A little Piece of Ground,  
And all the Rent I pay is scarce  
Five Shillings in the Pound.

XII.

Then Master Steward takes my Rent,  
And tells me, Honest Jo,  
Come, you must take a Cup of Sack  
Or two before you go.

XIII.

He bids me then to hold my Tongue,  
And up the Money locks,  
For fear my Lord should send it all  
Into the poor Man Box.

XIV. And

FARMER JO'S SONG.

131

XIV.

And once I was so bold to beg,  
That I might see his Grace ;  
Good Lord ! I wonder'd how I dar'd  
To look him in the Face.

XV.

Then down I went upon my Knees  
His Blessing to obtain ;  
He gave it me, and ever since,  
I find I thrive amain.

XVI.

Then said my Lord, I'm very glad  
To see thee, honest Friend ;  
I know the Times are something hard,  
But hope they soon will mend.

XVII.

Pray never press yourself for Rent ;  
But pay me when you can ;  
I find you bear a good Report,  
And are an honest Man.

XVIII. Then



## XVIII.

Then said his Lordship, with a Smile,  
 I must have *lawful Cash*;  
 I hope you will not pay my Rent  
 In that same *Wood's Trash*.

## XIX.

God bless your Grace, I then reply'd,  
 I'd see him hanging higher  
 (Before I'd touch his silly Dross)  
 Than is *Clandalkin Spire*.

## XX.

To ev'ry Farmer twice a Week,  
 All round about the *Toke*;  
 Our Parson reads the Drapier's Books,  
 And makes us honest Folk.

## XXI.

And then I went to pay the *Squire*,  
 And in the Way I found,  
 His *Bailiff* driving all my Cows,  
 Into the *Parish-Pound*.

XXII. Why

## XXII.

Why, Sirrah, said the noble 'Squire,  
How dare you see my Face;  
Your Rent is due almost a Week,  
Besides the Days of Grace.

## XXIII.

And yet the Land I from him hold  
Is set so on the Rack,  
That only for the Bishop's Lease,  
'Twould quickly break my Back.

## XXIV.

Then God preserve his Lordship's Grace,  
And make him live as long,  
As did *Methusalem* of old,  
And so I end my Song.

*Out of* HORACE.

## I.

**Y**OUNG *Cloe* flies me as a Fawn  
Pursues her Mother o'er the Lawn,  
Who trembles as she hears  
The Wind that in the Branches plays,  
The Lizards rushing in the Sprays,  
And pants with thrilling Fears.

## II.

Not as the crafty Tygres prowls,  
Not as the hungry Lyon growls,  
Do I thy Footsteps trace,  
Thy tim'rous Soul then undeceive,  
'Tis Time thy Mother now to leave,  
When Love pursues the Chace.



*A New Ballad by a LADY.*  
*To the Tune of, To all*  
*You LADIES now at*  
*Land, &c.*

I.

TO all You sparkling *Whigs* at Court,  
We *Tories* in the Tower,  
Declare we mean to spoil your Sport,  
By must'ring up our Power.  
For tho' you've laid Us fast in Hold,  
Yet Beauty bids Defiance bold.  
*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

II.

And first the Fair of *Villier's* Race,  
A Race to Beauty born,  
The freshest Bloom, the sweetest Grace,  
Her matchless Face adorn,  
Our Land no Poet can afford  
To praise her justly, but her Lord.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

N 2

III. The

## III.

The neighb'ring Realm for Beauty's Fame  
 An antient Right revives,  
 Nor can she plead a stronger claim  
 Than what *Emelia* gives.  
 For artless Charms, and native Mirth,  
 Record the bonny Maids of *Perth*.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

## IV.

Fair *Blackler* conquers by Surprize,  
 And double Arms she bears,  
 For whilst her Form invades our Eyes,  
 Her Musick charms our Ears.  
 Nature in her has joyn'd to please,  
 Good-natur'd Wit, and graceful Ease.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

## V.

Tho' lovely *Harley's* early Ray,  
 Now shines in youthful Bloom;  
 The genial Influence of the Day,  
 Shall brighten Charms to come.  
 So does the blushing Morn arise,  
 And radiant Glories paint the Skies.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

VI. Tho'



IV.

Tho' thus maintain'd with native Arms,  
We fight with foreign Aid;  
May he be blind to *British* Charms,  
That dares resist the *Swede*.  
United Forces arm the Fair,  
Her lovely Shape, and graceful Air.

*With a fa, la, &c.*

VII.

This Force drawn up at our Command,  
We bravely take the Field;  
Whoever dares our Arms withstand,  
Prepare to dye or yield.  
Do you appoint the Time and Place,  
We dare You bring a better Face.

*With a fa, la, &c.*





To LYDIA on a FOP.  
In Imitation of HORACE.

O! *Liddy*, tell, why in your Arms dissolv'd  
Young *Cloddy* thus to ruin you're resolv'd.  
Why, like th' *Assyrian* King, in shameful Ease  
Now at his Toilet passes He his Days?  
Why learn'd Acquaintance changes He for  
Beaus,  
And leaves his Books to study handsome Cloaths?  
Why on that Shelf which *Homer* once did grace,  
Stand *Red-Heel'd-Shoes*, and *Washes* for the  
Face?  
And in that Place where the great *Virgil* lay,  
A *Taylor's Bill*, and a vile *modern Play*?  
Had the brave *Greek* in Female Habit dress'd,  
Such Questions ask'd, He never had been prest;  
But might in Peace his Petticoats have wore,  
And unsuspected shunn'd the *Phrygian* Shore.

O N  
*Miss* MORRICE.

SWEET Blossom of as sweet a Tree,  
If Blossoms may compare with Thee,  
Who art all Beauty, or wilt be.

The Charms of all thy charming Race,  
With each Hereditary Grace,  
Nature has painted in thy lovely Face.

There all that's soft and sweet is drawn,  
And Rays of Beauty, more than Dawn;  
So early, yet so bright a Morn.

Already in each lovely Eye  
Ten thousand lurking Cupids lye,  
Who practice killing, while they learn to dye.

Since now thy Infant Graces warm,  
How will they then our Souls disarm,  
When Wit with Beauty joins to charm.

If in a Summer's Morn we shun  
 The Vigour of the Morning Sun,  
 How shall we bear his potent Blaze at Noon.



O N

*Lady* BETTY HERBERT'S  
*Recovery from the Small-*  
 Pox.

I.

**A** S *Venus* from her Sphere survey'd,  
       *Herbert* divinely shine,  
 Has Earth it's *Venus* too she said,  
       Whose Brightness rivals mine.

II.

The Goddess of her Throne afraid,  
       To cure her just Alarms,  
 Resolves to blast the lovely Maid,  
       And sully all her Charms.

III. To

III.

To Beauty's greatest Foe she fled,  
And the loath'd Haggard found,  
Near the dark Mansions of the Dead,  
Hemm'd with Diseases round.

IV.

Then marks the Object of her Hate,  
Whose Beauty gave Offence,  
The Fury mollifies her Fate,  
Charm'd with such Innocence.

V.

Love's Queen enrag'd, prepares to throw  
The Shaft with stronger Arm;  
But *Cupid* wards the frightful Blow,  
And shields the Fair from Harm.

VI.

Rebellious and ungrateful Boy,  
Dar'st thou protect my Foe,  
Says *Venus*, threat'ning to destroy  
His Arrows and his Bow.

VII. *Cupid*



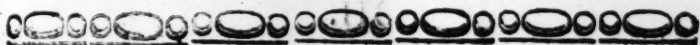
VII.

*Cupid* can want no Darts, he cry'd,  
    (Pointing to *Herbert's* Eyes)  
While those bright Magazines provide  
    Each Moment fresh Supplies.

VIII.

To *Jove* Love's angry Goddess bonds  
    Her Flight, Revenge to crave ;  
Since when, on *Herbert Cupid* tends,  
    A fond officious Slave.





O N

Lady MARGARET HERBERT'S forbidding any Body to come near Her, for fear she should infect them with the SMALL-POX, from which She was just recovered.

I.

SHOULD some bright Angel leave the Sky,  
Sent by an angry Deity,  
To scourge the World's Offence ;  
A Form so glorious who could fly,  
Tho' arm'd with Pestilence ?

II.

Need we the harmless Turtle dread ?  
Can Roses noxious Vapours shed ?  
Are we defil'd by Snow ?  
Can *Herbert* an Infection spread,  
Sure none can that allow.

III. No,

## III.

No, lovely Fair, we fear no Harms  
 But Love, from such engaging Charms;  
     Who can have Pow'r to fly?  
 When She with sweet Infection arms,  
     Each bright destroying Eye.



*To Mr. POPE, on his second Sub-  
 scription for HOMER.*

**Y**OUR Pen with MARLBOROUGH's Sword  
     is much the same,  
 He fought, you write, for Profit, more than  
     Fame:  
 His Eagles after Grants and Pensions flew,  
 And all your Laurels from Subscriptions grew:  
 His Friendship too, like yours, was false, and  
     feign'd,  
 No longer lasting than his Ends were gain'd:  
 Thus then at once, we both your Deeds rehearse,  
 Gold was his God of War, your God of Verse.



O N

*The* S A L I C - L A W.

**W**HEN mighty WILLIAM his dear Breath  
 resign'd,

He left a Female Successor behind.

The Queen began her wise and gentle Sway,  
 She mark'd his Footsteps, and pursu'd his Way.

Our Neighbours then by sad Experience saw

The weak Foundation of the *Salic Law*.

They curse their cautious Ancestors, and own

They want a Woman to support the Throne.

From *England's* Queen this first Opinion springs,

That dares encounter with a Brace of Kings.

Her Fleets and Arms so dreadfully advance,

To humble *Spain*, and tear the Heart of *France*.

A Woman's Arm confounds the haughty Man,

And *Lewis* trembles at the Name of ANNE.

~~~~~

*On Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's being  
created a Knight of the Garter.*

---

*By E. CURLL, late Bookseller.*

---

**T**HE Garter'd Honours, WALPOLE, you re-  
ceive,  
From You, acquire more Honour, than they give;  
All Legendary Tales henceforth are vain:  
True Blue, as worn by you, can never stain.

~~~~~

*On the Duke of WHARTON's renoun-  
cing the Protestant Religion.*

---

*By the SAME.*

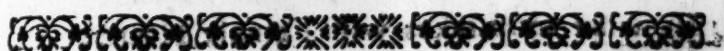
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**A** Whig He was bred, but at length is turn'd  
Papist,  
Pray God send the next Remove be not an  
Atheist.

N. B. To believe every Thing and Nothing is much  
the same.

T H E





THE  
MAGNIFYING-GLASS.

A  
T A L E.

TWO Virgins in the Prime of Life,  
Who each had rather been a Wife;  
*Sally* and *Jenny* were their Names,  
Like Sisters own'd their equal Flames.  
And talking in a merry Mood  
Of what some hold Man's chiefest Good.  
That, judg'd the largest, This, the least,  
To suit with her Affair the best.  
But uninform'd by Hand or Eyes,  
Of the true Standard manly Size,  
Now that, the Reader will surprize.  
For Lechery and Learning sake,  
A Tryal they resolv'd to make.  
That might give Fancy truer Scope,  
And some Ideas what to hope.

THEIR Brother they had often heard,  
Though guiltless both of Wit and Beard;

148      *The Magnifying-Glass.*

Was thought a Lad of parlous Parts,  
 In what most takes with Female Hearts:  
 Yet still they doubted at those Years,  
 If he was rightly in his Geers.  
 His Sapling might in Time prove Timber,  
 But now they fear'd it much too limber;  
 And wish'd a Project to contrive  
 To make Fifteen seem Twenty-five;  
 To raise and round young Doodle's Figure,  
 Big as the Biggest, what tho' bigger.

AN Instrument was on the Table,  
 Pray don't imagine this all Fable:  
 With which their Sire was want to pore,  
 On Flies and Maggots by the Hour.  
 For he was one of those shrewd Elves,  
 Who study all Things but themselves.  
 So mighty wise that he cou'd spy  
 The Motes in *Luna's* radiant Eye.  
 And yet so dull he could not find  
 Which Way his Daughters were inclin'd.  
 The Girls more prudent would reduce,  
*Philosophy* to common Use.  
 Their Scheme was pleasant, and was new,  
 And thus the Rogues their Game pursue.

THE Booby Boy lay fast asleep,  
 Aside his Bed they sily creep;  
 And gently lifting down the Sheet,  
 Their Eyes a bold *Priapus* meet.

Ere,

Erect, and firm as honest Truth,  
In all the comely Force of Youth,  
Sally directs the Optic Frame,  
In a right Line before *that Same* ;  
And each by Turns indulg'd her Sight  
With the gay Scene it brought to *Light*.  
The Tube plumps up the nervous Feature,  
And adds twelve Inches to its Stature.  
Happy, quoth Sally, were the Bride,  
With such a Weapon by her Side.  
But prithee Jenny, let me see  
Th' Effect this Charm wou'd have on Thee.  
With that she sily bolts the Door,  
And spreads the Wanton on the Floor.  
Naked the little Gypsy lies,  
Her Legs extended, and her Thighs.  
The nice Surveyor mov'd the Glass,  
In curious Search from Place to Place.  
First view'd the spacious Laun above,  
Then all beneath the mossy Grove.  
At last she fix'd her active Sight  
On the sweet Fountain of Delight.  
When lo ! it yawn'd so hugeous wide,  
That (burst with Laughter) Sally cry'd,  
To fill that Gap, and end thy Cares,  
Would ask more ——— than there are Hairs.



I N

*Imitation of HORACE'S*  
*Integer Vitæ.*

---

By Mr. PARSELL.

---

I.

**H**E needs no Bows, no warlike Force,  
 No Guards, no *Pegasean* Horse,  
 Whose Conscience from all Guilt refin'd,  
 Ne'er like a Ghost does haunt his Mind;  
 But lives secure without Defence,  
 Arm'd with the Shields of Innocence.

II.

What tho' He fails the stormy Main,  
 The Waves foam out their Rage in vain;  
 If *Lybia's* Sands He travels o'er,  
 Where savage Beasts for Hunger roar,  
 Their Rage, their Hunger they forget,  
 And lay down couchant at his Feet.

III. While

III.

While I was walking in my Grove,  
And all my Thoughts employ'd on Love,  
Unbent from Cares I went along,  
Nothing but *Calia* was my Song ;  
Then I unarm'd of all beside,  
That sacred Name a Wolf espy'd.

IV.

Greater than those which *Africk* yields;  
Or howl in warlike *Dannia's* Fields;  
He fiercely look'd, but strait became  
Disarm'd himself at *Calia's* Name ;  
He fled ; for Beasts adore the Shrine  
Where such a Goddess dwells as mine.

V.

Place me where Summer ne'er appears,  
In all the Round of circling Years ;  
Where *Jove* descends in stormy Rains,  
And stops the Channels of the Veins ;  
Yet there my Soul the Cold defies,  
Warm'd with the Heat of *Calia's* Eyes.



## VI.

Or place me (but with *Calia*) where  
 No Breezes fan the sultry Air,  
 I shall not fear the Sun's hot Beams,  
 They'll only but increase my Flames.  
 With Flames (assisted from above)  
 I shall be melted all to Love.



*On the revived Controversy of the*  
 THUNDERING LEGION.

---

By E. CURLL, *late* Bookseller.

---

SINCE *Whiston*. and *Woolston* their Shafts  
 have let fly,  
 To *Catechise* Truth, and *Confirm* an old Lye;  
 Would make *Thunder*, *Hail*, *Lightning*, for Mi-  
 racles pass,  
 And whoe'er disbelieves—is accounted an Ass,  
 The Church Cant let's reverse then, and own  
 the true Foyle,  
 Of Religion, is Reason, and found in a MOYLE.



*In Imitation of* HORACE'S  
Diffugere Nives, &c.

I.

THE Snow is gone, again the Ground;  
Again the Trees with chearful Green are  
crown'd,  
Again their antient Banks decreasing Rivers bound.  
The Nymphs who haunt the lofty Woods,  
Or bathe themselves in murm'ring Floods,  
In Dances with the Graces join;  
Nor do the naked Graces fear,  
To tempt the Rigour of the Air;  
All Nature does in this great Truth combine  
Enjoy the present Hour, for that alone is thine.

II.

The circling Seasons of the Year  
A fix'd Succession know;  
The Winter to the Spring gives Way,  
Nor long delightful Spring can stay,  
And fruitful Summer does decay.

Next

154 *Imitations of Horace.*

Next bounteous Autumn does his Wealth bestow,  
 Last Winter crown'd with Snow,  
 The most unwelcome and severe.  
 The waning Moons their lessen'd Horns restore,  
 But Man once disappears, and comes no more,  
 For could *Æneas'* Piety or Pray'rs,  
 One Moment add to his determin'd Years.  
 Could Strength preserve unconquer'd *Tullus'*  
 Breath?  
 Could wealthy *Ancus* bribe impartial Death?  
 Who now in dull Security is laid,  
 Or mould'ring Ashes in a wand'ring Shade.

III.

To Morrow you expect in vain,  
 And thence would future Pleasures date;  
 Who knows, my Friend, if there remain  
 To Morrow in the Stores of Fate.  
 What on yourself you do bestow,  
 You from your greedy Heir will save,  
 This melancholy Truth too soon you'll know,  
 That nor your Strength, nor noble Race,  
 Nor sprightly Wit, nor winning Grace,  
 Will e'er retrieve you from the Grave,  
 Nor Thee *Hippolitus*, *Diana's* Care,  
 Cou'd e'er restore to breathe celestial Air;  
 And *Theseus'* Strength was try'd in vain,  
 To break *Perithous'* Adamantine Chain.

A. S. O. N. G.



A S O N G.

---

*By the late Earl of DORSET.*

---

*Never before printed.*

I.

CORYDON beneath a Willow,  
By a murm'ring Current laid,  
His Arm reclin'd, the Lover's Pillow,  
Thus address'd the charming Maid.

II.

O! my SACHARISSA tell,  
How could Nature take Delight,  
That a Heart so hard should dwell,  
In a Frame so soft and white.

III. Could

156 *Earl of Dorset's Song.*

III.

Could you feel but half the Anguish,  
Half the Tortures that I bear,  
How for you I daily languish,  
You'd be kind as you are fair.

IV.

See the Fire that in me reigns,  
O! behold a burning Man,  
Think I feel my dying Pains,  
And be cruel if you can.

V.

With her Conquest pleas'd, the Dame  
Cry'd, with an insulting Look,  
Yes, I fain would quench your Flame:  
She spoke, and pointed to the Brook.



T H E  
Temple of *Venus*.  
A  
P O E M.

---

In Five C A N T O S.

---

By WILLIAM SELBEY, *Esq*;

---



L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR, 1727.



T



Se



*Temple of VENUS.*

# CANTO I.



A Y, *Maija's* Son, by whose  
intriguing Aid,  
*Amphitryon's* Wife met *Jove*  
in Masquerade,  
Whence Moderns have at-  
tain'd such pow'rful Art,  
To lure the wise, and please  
the chastest Heart.

GROWN old in Pleasures which she long enjoy'd,  
*Sempronia* all her Wit and Thoughts employ'd,  
 P 2 How

160 *The Temple of Venus.*

How to revive her Charms, and Bliss attain;  
Tho' fled her Beauty, her Desires remain.

Anxious, on various Schemes she turn'd her  
Mind,

Yet to her Grief she no Redress could find,  
When Age deforms the Parts we most adore,  
The Mortal then is Idoliz'd no more!  
No more their Adoration Lovers pay!

*Cupid* retracts his Darts when Charms decay;

Now are they shot no more from *P—lt—y's*  
Eyes,

Nor dapper *E—y* for *F—tg—r* dies;

*I—r—y* to Porters now must have Recourse,  
And even witty *M—* to them, or worse.

In vain to Op'ras, Plays, Assemblies, Court,  
Matrons, with Age decay'd, for Bliss resort.

Unhurt the Eye may view a dying Blaze,  
On setting Lustre we securely gaze.

SUCH racking Thoughts *Sempronia* now oppress,

(For oft such Thoughts sat brooding in her  
Breast)

Not *Citron* Water could her Cares appease,

Nor even *Laudanum* afford her Ease;

By whose Assistance, long she sought to close  
Her Eyes (so killing once) with soft Repose.

While

*The Temple of Venus.* 161

While Slumber to her Ease Despair denies,  
Distracted, raging, and alone she lies;  
Her wonted Joys present themselves to View,  
But wonted Joys her Troubles still renew.  
So when an antique Beau his Face surveys,  
He calls to mind the Bloom of former  
Days,

Meagre Decay upbraids his gazing Eyes,  
Fresh Grief to former Wrinkles adds Sup-  
plies.

What Remedy is left but from above?  
The last Resort of Wretches is to *Jove*!  
When Barristers are grown too old to cheat,  
They willingly of Justice mount the Seat,  
States-men, in Business foil'd, become de-  
vout,

And Aldermen grow godly with the Gout;  
Nay, dying Misers, when no more 'tis given  
On Earth to hope, build Hospitals for Hea-  
ven.

This well she knew, instructed in each Art,  
Which Plays, *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, could im-  
part,  
And thus to Beauty's Queen disclos'd her  
Heart.

THOU, who to *Amathus*, th' *Idalian* Bow'r,  
*Paphos*, *Cythera's* Isle, extend'st thy Pow'r,



162     *The Temple of Venus.*

Let *Britain* happy in thy Influence prove,  
And let our Island be the Land of Love;  
In bright *Augusta* be a Temple rais'd,  
Where thy great Name shall in our Acts be  
    prais'd.

In me an old and faithful Vot'ry see;  
Think of my former Deeds, and pity me,

*The End of the First CANTO.*



T H E



T H E

# Temple of VENUS.

---

## CANTO II.

---



OW *Venus*, mindful of *Sempronia's*  
Pray'r,

To her Relief came sitting thro' the  
Air,

Till o'er *Britannia's* spacious Isle she came,  
Whose Empire, Ocean bounds, but Heav'n her  
Fame.

Here, in the great Metropolis she stay'd,  
The Seat of Empire, and the Source of Trade.

FIRST

164     *The Temple of Venus.*

FIRST flew the Goddess to a stately Pile  
At once, the Bane, and Glory, of our Isle;  
Where diff'rent Nations meet to vend their  
    Wares,  
Improve their Fortunes, and increase their Cares;  
And here, with Wonder often we behold,  
Our Peers, and garter'd Knights, for Sake of  
    Gold  
Turn Brokers; and forgetting Rank and Fame,  
Thus shew the trading Race from whence they  
    came.

AND next the Goddess with an airy Flight,  
Reach'd a great Building of stupendous Height,†  
Rais'd with Proportion, Majesty, and Art,  
With all the Charms *Palladio's* Rules impart.

THEN Beauty's Goddess from the Fane with-  
    drew,  
And to a Place ¶ more throng'd, less sacred  
    flew.

There she beheld, with secret Grief, the Street,  
Where the poor Vor'ries of her Godhead meet,

---

\* *The Exchange.*     † *St. Paul's Church.*

¶ *The Theatre in Drury-Lane.*

*The Temple of Venus.* 165

Some, who but now, in Chariots shone so fine,  
Plying for Bread, or bart'ring Joys for Wine;  
Whilst others, who sold Oranges of late,  
(Such is the lov'd Inconstancy of Fate)  
Are clad in rich Brocade, and serv'd in Plate.

AND next the Queen of Love approach'd the  
Court,  
Where some for Wealth, and some for Pow'r  
resort,  
Few for their Country or their Monarch's Cause,  
Tho' all pretend his Honour, and her Laws.  
Here, soon as *Hesperus* resumes his Post,  
Of beauteous Nymphs attend a num'rous Host;  
The *Helens* of the Age, bright, sparkle here,  
Like dazling Comets in the Hemisphere.  
With mildest Aspect to *Britannia's* Isle:  
And who can be unhappy when they smile?  
*Bolton*, for ever young, we still admire,  
And blooming *Dover* sets the World on Fire:  
There see fair *Annandale* her Charms display,  
With *Fane* resistless as the God of Day:  
Whilst all the Vestals of the Royal Train,  
Sport it like *Naiads* in the Azure Main.

NIGH lives \**Tegellius*, whom the Fair ad-  
mire,  
Himself an Antidote to soft Desire;

---

\* *Heidegger.*

Yet

166      *The Temple of Venus.*

Yet with peculiar Talent he can charm,  
The Beaus with Play, the Belles by Musick  
warm;

Alike to Strings and Cards he Motion gives,  
By those he pleases, and by these he lives:  
To him, the Goddess, Parent of Mankind,  
Her Deity in Human Shape confin'd,  
Whilst balmy Sleep his hideous Eyelids preſt,  
Appear'd in Form a Nymph, and thus address'd.

" Mortal, to whom my Votaries resort,  
" And in bright Circles throng the spacious  
Court,

" Thee have I chosen first of all the Train,  
" Who own my Empire, bear my *Cupid's* Chain,

" To dedicate a Temple to my Pow'r,  
" Where Kings shall bow, and Princesses adore;

" Where, as in *Paphos*, *Venus* shall be known,

" And, as in *Cyprus*, here ascend a Throne.

" Haste now, to *Hermes'* Temple bend your  
Way,

" (Call'd *White's* by Mortals) where, intent  
on Play,

" Fops throw their Money and their Time  
away;

" Till fleec'd at length, unwilling they retire,

" Curse their ill Fate, and Want of Sense ad-  
mire,

" Repeating Curses, Oaths, and Vows in vain,

" For soon as Gold returns, they'll play again.

" Here



*The Temple of Venus.* 167

" Here seek out \* *Neuvius*, and to him declare,  
" My Heav'nly Will, and He'll your Labours  
share,  
" Let him (in Arts and Sciences so skill'd)  
" Employ his Fancy, and his Schemes to build  
" A Temple to my Pow'r, like *Bleinheim*  
fram'd,  
" Great as his Learning, as his Virtue fam'd!  
" To Heav'n aspiring he the Roof must rear,  
" And Doves and Cupids must emblazon  
there,  
" These are the Arms which *Venus*' Champi-  
ons bear.

" My Vot'ries, to no formal Garb confin'd,  
" May suit the various Habits of their Mind;  
" For Wit and Humour by our Dress is seen,  
" As Wisdom is discover'd by the Mien:  
" But lest dire Jealousy his Thoughts employ,  
" (Conscious of Weakness) to disturb my Joy,  
" Or some proud Nymph, with Charms super-  
rior blest,  
" Monopolize the Bliss of all the rest,  
" Know I ordain—See you my Will obey'd—  
" That ev'ry Matron, ev'ry blooming Maid,  
" Alike their Beauties and their Faults conceal,  
" Disguise their Persons, Love alone reveal.

---

\* *Sir John Vanbrugh.*

" Thus

168     *The Temple of Venus.*

“ Thus unmolested ev’ry Nymph may find  
“ A willing pleasing Lover to her Mind.

THIS said, the Goddess to his Sight was lost,  
As from *Æneas* once on *Africk’s* Coast;  
Around her as She went her Tresses spread  
Ambrosial Odours from her golden Head;  
Her rosy Neck appear’d, and flowing Vest,  
Her Mien Divine the Deity confess.

*The End of the Second CANTO.*



THE



THE  
*Temple of VENUS.*

---

CANTO III.

---



E A N Time *Aurora* leaves *Tithonus'* Bed,

*Apollo's* Beams adorn the East  
with red ;

*Canidia* from her nightly Task  
retires,

And deep-mouth'd Beagles rouse their sleepy  
Squires ;

Coachmen resume their Stand at *Temple* Gate ;

And *Nævius*, reeling Home, repin'd at Fate,

VOL. III.

Q

From

170 *The Temple of Venus.*

From *Hermes'* Fane the drunken Poet came,  
 Cursing ill Stars, tho' he himself's to blame.  
 In that known Street where loaded Carts re-  
 pair,

Swains sell their Hay, and Nymphs their fragrant  
 Ware,

There stands a Dome on spacious Arches rear'd,  
 By Belles frequented, and by Beaus rever'd ;

Here this judicious Audience often meet,  
 Sound they prefer to Sense, and Songs to  
 Wit,

Whilst jingling Nonsense makes the Scene  
 compleat.

Thither He went to sooth his anxious Thought,  
 With Sight of Wonders which himself had  
 wrought ;

Not skilful Children, when with Cards they  
 raise

A tow'ring Building, with more Pleasure gaze ;  
 Admire it's Structure, and observe with Joy,  
 The loud Applause of each surrounding Boy.

Hasting with Speed, impatient to review,  
 The inner Beauties, which He only knew,

Forms unperceiv'd before to Sight arise,  
 And Objects, more than Human, strike his Eyes ;

Aw'd by a Deity for once, he spread  
 His artful Hands, bowing his learned Head,

And, grown devout by Terror, thus He  
 said. \*

---

\* See Swift's *Miscellanies.*

*The Temple of Venus.* 171

O! heav'nly Being, for of human Race,  
None e'er appear with such celestial Grace,  
Whoe'er thou art, if Cloud-compelling *Jove*,  
The Deity of Musick, Wit, or Love,  
Declare, propitious God, what sacred Pow'r  
I here survey, and whom I now adore.

SMILING—the God—to *Majia's* Son  
you bow,  
To whom all Arts and Sciences you owe:  
My Aid, unsought, Mortals in vain pretend  
In any Art or Science to transcend;  
Hence *Dennis*, and such *Zoili's*, accurst,  
*Damn the best Poems, and contrive the worst,* \*  
*P*—t to Wit and Eloquence aspires,  
And mimick *Cibber* to Poetick Fires;  
So *C*—y for *Common Sense* contends,  
And *Balaam's* Ass still brays at Foes and  
Friends,  
*B*—n, who *Wren's* great Place supply'd  
in vain,  
Presum'd to mend the awful *Senate's* Fane,  
And had not Gods, who stopp'd th' impending  
Blow,  
Of Treason once preserv'd from Folly too,

---

\* POPE.

Q. 2

Those



172     *The Temple of Venus.*

Those sacred Walls they'd witness now no  
more

*Iſ—ay's* great Judgment, and persuasive Pow'r,  
Who skill'd no leſs in Building than in Laws,  
In both, with flighteſt View, diſcerns the  
Flaws :

Not with like Science Palaces you raiſe,  
Draw Plans, emblazon Coats, or ſcribble Plays,  
Tho' the Profeſſor of theſe ſeveral Arts,  
Approv'd by *Dutcheſſes* for Wit and Parts,  
You're ne'er applauded by the learned Tribe,  
Whom not Her Grace's Patronage could bribe  
To own you read in Heraldry, or ſkill'd  
In Arts of Poetry, or Rules to build ;  
But if from me devoutly you implore  
Thoſe Arts, you now aſſume without my  
Pow'r ;

Then ſhall your Fame like *Wren's* or *Anſli's*  
riſe,  
Or like harmonious *Prior's* reach the Skies.

THEN thus great *Nævius*——with obſequious  
Bow——

O Meſſenger of *Jove* ! May Mortals know  
The Springs and Motives of this great Deſign,  
What Cauſe ſo great to claim your Art Di-  
vine ?

When thus the Verger, who the Ghoſt con-  
trouls,  
And drives to *Pluto's* Realms their ſtubborn  
Souls,

What

*The Temple of Venus.* 173

What Cause, O *Nevius*, but all pow'rful  
Love!

That makes Immortals quit their Seats above?  
This little God commands Almighty *Jove*.  
How oft the Thund'rer has for Him alone,  
Left high *Olympus*, and his heav'nly Throne;  
How oft my Sire has sent his *Hermes* down  
To Earth, for Love, by antient Bards is shown.  
Now for my lov'd *Tigellius*' Sake I come,  
To make his House of Vice a sacred Dome,  
To *Venus*' Rites, where all the *British* Fair  
Renown'd for Wit or Beauty shall repair,  
And Prudes themselves pay their Devotion there.

EXTENDED long and wide the Walls must be,  
Stor'd with the Gifts of *Nysa*'s Deity;  
*Ceres*, *Pomona* too, must their's bestow,  
From those the most enliv'ning Raptures flow.  
With od'rous Spices let the Boards be crown'd,  
And Meats for height'ning Extasy renown'd.  
On *Hermes*' Altar there let Dice be laid,  
Here Instruments invoke *Apollo*'s Aid,  
Wine, Play, or Musick wins the coyest  
Maid.

But each of these the *Paphian* Rites improve,  
They all assist the Deities of Love.  
With fragrant Tapers let this Temple flame,  
But not till *Sol* descends the Feast proclaim;

174     *The Temple of Venus.*

He shines on all Things with too clear a Ray,  
And *Venus*' Rites forbid the prying Day :  
When paler *Phæbe*, veil'd with sable Night,  
Like a coy Virgin gives a feebler Light,  
Securely then her Mysteries are shown,  
Sinners and Saints alike her Godhead own,  
And Atheists bow who worship Her alone. }

*The End of the Third CANTO.*



T H E



T H E

# Temple of VENUS.

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## CANTO IV.

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WHEN Wits to *Button's*, Beaus  
to *White's* resort,  
Soldiers and Lords to pay De-  
voirs at Court,  
When to buy Stock the cunning  
few repairs,  
And antient Ladies to *St. James's* Pray'rs;  
'Twixt Hope and Fear *Tigellius* then awoke,  
And thus himself in foreign Words bespoke.—

WHAT

176      *The Temple of Venus.*

WHAT means this Vision hov'ring o'er my  
 Head,  
 By Champaign's, sprightly Juice, or Bourdeaux  
 bred?  
 Yet sure, ascending upwards to the Skies,  
 I saw an Heav'nly Object hence arise:  
 Fresh in my Mind her sacred Words I bear  
 (And Gods by Visions oft their Will declare)  
 To raise this Temple to the *Cyprian* Fair,  
 By Aid from *Nevius* sought I much despair;  
 Mortal or God none values he or fears,  
 Himself the Deity which he reveres:  
 How then can I who yet indebted stand,  
 Hope He will hearken to this great Command,  
 By Me deliver'd? No, He'll ne'er obey,  
 But to the Winds my fruitless Words convey;  
 So Rites unpaid to Love's Divinity,  
 Shall bring down Vengeance on my Race and  
 me;  
 Or to neglect is dangerous, or pursue,  
 From this, will Ruin; that, Revenge ensue.

THUS oft *Tigellius* in his Mind resolv'd,  
 Now this imagin'd, and now that resolv'd;  
 As ling'ring Travellers by Night o'erta'en,  
 On some black Mountain, or a Desert Plain,  
 Fearful of Dangers, doubtful of their Way,  
 To move not daring, yet afraid to stay,

To



*The Temple of Venus.* 177

To Guardian Deities prefer their Pray'rs,  
Who guide their wand'ring Steps, and ease their  
Cares:

So He to *Hermes*, whom his Tribe adore,  
(Gamesters and Pimps from him derive their  
Pow'r)

Did thus prefer his Pray'r, and thus his Aid  
implore.

O God! from *Jove* and beauteous *Maija*  
sprung,

Ever assisting to the Fair and young.

A constant Fav'rer of the *Paphian* Throne,

Who turn'd a *Sofia* for the Cause I own;

If e'er an Assignment I procur'd,

Or to *his Grace* the *Abigail* allur'd,

Amus'd Sir *Thomas* with a tedious Game,

Whilst Lady *W*—y fann'd her Lover's Flame;

If e'er by Operas I sought to please

Thy Vot'ries — Now descend, my Griefs  
t' appease.

THUS pray'd the Suppliant—Him *Cyllenius*  
hears,

And in *Tigellius'* horrid Form appears ;

Meagre his Looks, his Eye-balls sunk below,

A large projecting Front, and gloomy Brow,

With shuffling Gate, he enter'd his Abode,

And in a Taylor's Mien conceal'd a God.

SCAR'D

SCAR'D at the Sight, cold Horror chill'd his  
Veins,  
And scarce from Flying he his Steps refrains ;  
As when by Moon-light, wand'ring o'er the  
Glade,  
The Hind is frighted at his doubtful Shade.

To Him the God—What means *Tigellius'*  
Fear?  
In your own Form, See, *Maija's* Son is here.  
Observe each Feature, every Limb explore,  
You'll find me all your self, no Mark of  
heav'nly Pow'r.

As from *Enceladus*, in Fleaks of Smoak,  
Thro' *Ætna's* Caverns, gloomy Accents broke;  
So from *Tigellius* Mouth in Fumes arise,  
Such nit'rous Vapours, tending to the Skies;  
With Fires as raging too, his Bosom glows,  
While tacit to the God his Grief he shows.

Thus *Mercury*—Now cease your anxious  
Care,  
Nor look more horrible, by black Despair;  
*Venus* Commands, and all your Fears I know,  
For late I met her on *Olympus'* Brow.  
Near the great Entrance of the blest'd Abodes,  
Which leads to heav'nly Mansions of the  
Gods,

## She

*The Temple of Venus.* 179

She told me, smiling, of a sacred Dome  
Where *British* Nymphs and Swains should Sup-  
pliants come ;

Nor come in vain, for thither should repair,  
The Young, the Gay, the Witty, and the Fair :  
With eager Haste I left the *Cyprian* Dame,  
To raise for you, my Son, immortal Fame ;  
You, my chief Fav'rite of the Pimping Train,  
Shall have the Glory of this darling Fane :

To Earth I came, and summon'd to my  
Aid,  
Each useful Artist of the Building Trade,  
And *Nevius* too amongst the rest obey'd. }  
Your Form to Them, my Own to him appears,  
And he becomes religious by his Fears.

PLEAS'D with the Change, I bid him straight  
repair,  
With utmost Beauty, Ornament, and Care,  
The wond'rous Pile, his own bright Fancy  
rais'd ;

For which his Building Genius much is prais'd.  
Now are his Workmen busied in their Toil,  
Like active Bees in *Hybla's* flow'ry Soil ;  
One shapes the Fir, another moves a Scene,  
A third on Canvass paints the *Cyprian* Queen :  
These hide the Failings of the knotty Board,  
With the bright Gifts which *Opbir's* Realms  
afford.

Here Beaus and Belles by Assignment meet,  
To shew new Cloaths, and former Vows re-  
peat.

Soon

180 *The Temple of Venus.*

Soon you shall see th' Opera's spacious Round,  
(For beauteous Nymphs and shining Stars re-  
nown'd)

At my Command their wonted Use resign,  
And Seats of Monarchs made Boufets for  
Wine:

Where the grim Lyons *Hydaspes* fought,  
Shall Fights less dire, more natural, be fought.

Where *P——d's Marguaretta* tun'd her Throat  
Shall Love be whisper'd in a softer Note:

Where *Latian* Nymphs compos'd a tuneful  
Choir,

With Swains that e'en to Female Arts aspire,  
Youths capable of Bliss shall fan their am'rous  
Fire.

*The End of the Fourth CANTO.*



T H E



T H E

*Temple of VENUS.*

---

C A N T O V.

---



W A S now the Hour when busy  
States-men dine,  
And drown their Cares and Po-  
liticks in Wine ;  
When Ladies for the Theatre  
prepare,  
And stroling Damsels take *St. James's* Air.

*Sempronia*, then reviv'd by sweet Repose,  
Which *Venus* gave, from pleasing Slumbers  
rose;

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R

The



182 *The Temple of Venus.*

The dear Remembrance of the Visions past,  
Increas'd her Appetite those Joys to taste.

FULL in her View the blooming Youth  
appears,

Now Joy occasions, now produces Tears;  
Th' imagin'd Scenes still in her Fancy move,  
And make her Bosom feel the Pangs of Love;  
When thus to her *Ceramia*—Oh! what Bliss,  
What Extacy imagin'd Pleasure is?  
Methought last Night—But oh! what Words  
can tell,

The pleasing Transports that in Fancy dwell?  
Fancy! sole Giver of untainted Joy,  
Whose Pleasures never cease, or ever cloy;  
By thee supported, Poets starve on Fame,  
Heroes resign their Safety for a Name,  
And Lovers still survive amidst surrounding  
Flame.

SHE spoke — and lo! *Tigellius'* Form ap-  
pear'd,

And told her what before in Dreams she heard;  
Told what the Goddess and the God had  
said,

Describ'd the Temple finish'd by their Aid,  
Vowing she should be blest as when a Maid.

E'EN

*The Temple of Venus.* 183

E'EN now (said he) that monstrous Nymph  
who flies,  
O'er Earth and Seas, reporting Truth and  
Lies,  
Has summon'd *Venus*'<sup>s</sup> Vot'ries to her Dome,  
Who all most willingly prepare to come,  
In Robes of various Shape, and various Hue,  
The *Tyrian* Scarlet, and the Azure blue;  
With all the Colours which the Sky displays,  
When her arch'd Bow is deck'd by *Phæbus*'<sup>s</sup>  
Rays.

He spoke, and more her am'rous Soul to  
move,  
Convey'd the Matron to the House of Love;  
Where see the Young and Old promiscuous  
join!  
In gay Attire the wrinkled Matrons shine.  
See old *Canidia* seize the sprightly Boy,  
And lure the Stripling to her aukward Joy;  
Aukward indeed, for she in vain must strive  
To act those Pleasures, scarcely half alive.  
Next view old *Martius Cantilena* press,  
While tempting Int'rest bids the Songstress  
bless;  
There the fair *Syren* gets of him the Field,  
Of him who never knew before to yield.

R 2

Then

184    *The Temple of Venus.*

Then see *Horellio*, batter'd Beau, appear,  
Young in the Spring, declining with the Year,  
Of Joys so eager, Fopling liv'd so fast,  
Neglect of Youth made him grow old in  
Haste ;

There see him, mask'd, the young *Belinda*  
sue,

One who for Transports long'd, but never  
knew,

Too easy, she her whole Possession gives,  
And from that Moment dies, e'en while she  
lives ;

Thus she a Minute's hasty Joy to gain,  
Brings on herself an after Life of Pain.

OLD *Chremes* comes, his Head a Plume  
adorns,

Tho' some say better fitted for the Horns ;  
Behold him there the Orange Wench address,  
She, cunning, praises all his Air of Dress.  
He, snar'd with Flatt'ry, takes her to his  
Arms,

Her Art obliges, while his Pocket charms.

SIR *Plume* comes tripping, and adores his  
Wife,

And swears she's made to bless a Man for  
Life ;

A cruel

*The Temple of Venus.* 185

A cruel Husband he must surely be,  
Who cannot tell to set a Price on Thee;  
A while they talk'd, at last, by slow Degrees  
Cuckold each other, and each other please.

THESE am'rous Sights *Sempronia's* Longing  
raise,  
Her Round She took, ending in *Cupid's*  
Praise.



T H E



T H E  
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